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THERE is something ingratiating in the organization of a group of Coolidge-for-President clubs in New York City by an auctioneer! Is it based on the assumption that our highest public office is now an article of merchandise which may properly be put up for sale to the highest bidder? Or is it a feeling that the Coolidge candidacy needs to be assisted by some unusually brass-lunged boosting in order to offset the proverbial silence of the occupant of the White House? Mr. Coolidge himself seems to be doing his part in various discreet and practical ways. He has extended the olive branch to the Republican insurgents by a dinner invitation to Senator Borah and a decision that Federal patronage in Wisconsin, hitherto reserved for the tractable Mr. Lenroot, shall hereafter be allotted to the La Follette forces. Speaking before the convention of the Red Cross, Mr. Coolidge advocated a deep faith in spiritual things, tempered by a hard common sense adapted to the needs of the world. Quite so. Until after the Republican national convention next summer, at least, we expect Mr. Coolidge will lean even more toward the temper of hard common sense than toward deep faith in spiritual things.

WHEN a British commercial mission headed by a cousin of the Prime Minister returns from Soviet Russia talking of the "success which the Russian Government has achieved in stabilizing her currency on a gold basis" and announcing that two-thirds of the currency in circulation is in gold notes, it is high time for the outside world to sit up and take notice. John Maynard Keynes predicted, in the Genoa Conference days, that Russia would be the first of the East European nations to get back to metal currency, but he was laughed at as a visionary. Lack of recognition seems to have troubled Russia very little. The *American Scandinavian Review* reports that despite the break in relations between the Russian and Swedish governments, business is steadily expanding; the Baldwin mission admits that it expects to conclude important contracts at once; a French mission reports astonishment at the commercial activity of American firms in Moscow. Mr. Hughes may prate on as long as Mr. Coolidge lets him, but the solid fact remains that Russia has achieved the seemingly impossible task of establishing a favorable trade balance—her exports now exceed her imports. It would be amusing if Russia were to progress so steadily, and the politicians to remain so blind, that she would float loans abroad before the governments had decided that she was sufficiently respectful of private property to be recognized!

THE London *Daily Herald* is coming to be in Lenin's class as a nine-lived cat. This Labor daily seems, if not to thrive on, at least to survive repeated disaster. Reports of its imminent death have been frequent; the latest circumstantial report, reaching this country at about the same time that the New York *Call* was being transferred to trade-union hands, provided a welcome text to the editors of some New York newspapers who thereby proved to their own satisfaction the impossibility of a great labor daily. The British Trade Union Congress, however, decided otherwise. By a vote of 3,000,000 to 800,000 it undertook, temporarily at least, financial responsibility for the continuance of the paper. This was a wise decision. Great newspapers are costly enterprises; many of the most famous metropolitan newspapers are conducted at a loss to please their millionaire owners. Labor papers have particular difficulty in making ends meet because of the hostility of advertisers. But labor cannot afford to leave the collection and distribution of news, the very basis of modern democracy, to its economic opponents, and British labor in particular, which has become His Majesty's Opposition, would be mad if, on the eve of political success, it should sacrifice its chief instrument of popular education.

CIVIL rights have so long been abrogated in Spain, cabinets have so frequently changed, sectionalism has flourished and been suppressed for so many years, syndicalist uprisings have so often been quelled and radical leaders forced to fly, that the current news from that country is hardly interesting. The present military government is acting like all recent previous governments, only a little more so. Persons circulating false rumors will be executed

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within twenty-four hours. The jury system is abolished. No flag but the Spanish flag may be displayed and no language other than Spanish used in public documents. Meanwhile the possible opponents of the new regime are lying low—the Socialists and Communists and syndicalists, the Catalonian and Basque separatists, the liberal republicans. Are they biding their time, as their leaders claim? Or is opposition weak, divided, uncertain in its aims? We suspect that the latter is true; the only hope for counter-revolution lies in the determination of the new Government to prosecute with even more vigor—and thus doubtless with even greater losses—the disastrous war in Morocco.

IN Bulgaria counter-revolution has hit a livelier pace. As we go to press 100,000 armed peasants are on the march to Sofia. They are said to be supported by the Communists, and Moscow, as usual, is credited with having a hand in the affair. Dissatisfaction with the Zankoff Government, which by a military coup supplanted the Government of Stambuliisky and killed the Premier himself, has been growing with every week of its existence. Like the Spanish Government, it is supported by army officers. It is, without doubt, hated by almost everyone else, especially by the peasants. Its treatment of Communists and peasant leaders has solidified an opposition that stands a fairly good chance of toppling it out of office though the rebels may have to wade through their own blood to do it. If they succeed, the world may have another soviet state.

WE are glad to present elsewhere in this issue a friendly picture of Governor Walton by one of his political helpers. The portrait tallies closely with that drawn in the mind's eye from a reading of the newspaper dispatches: a big-hearted, rough-and-ready, unschooled and undisciplined man, who embodies in a large measure both the good and bad of the American frontier tradition. Leaving out of count the charges of broken pledges and turncoat politics made against the Governor by Oklahoma radicals, and taking him at his best as presented by his friends, he is obviously a type which can both accomplish much good and create an awful mess in public affairs. The frontier tradition was all right—for the frontier. But Oklahoma, emerging from a Territory into a State, has been trying to grow away from the frontier toward civilization through law. The Ku Klux Klan has been a peculiarly insidious revival of frontier ethics, but Governor Walton, setting up what in Europe would be called a military dictatorship, is meeting it with methods unpleasantly like its own. Newspaper censorship and machine-guns ready in the streets seldom work as intended. We do not deny the right to apply martial law in certain circumstances any more than we do the right of revolution in others. But we doubt if recent events in Oklahoma justify either one or the other. Unless Oklahoma wants to go back to the frontier and stay there, sooner or later it will have to return to civil government and try to solve its difficulties that way. The road to democracy through law is a tedious and tortuous one, but so far as we can see it is the only way.

IN its final report on the anthracite industry—bituminous coal remains to be considered—the United States Coal Commission recommends the creation of a special division of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the supervision of coal. This is neither an original nor a profound constructive suggestion with which to cap the reams of factual material that the commission has made public. Yet it would be unfortunate to regard it with indifference. This suggestion, if put into effect by Congress, would at least insure a permanent authority with power to collect facts, prescribe reports, and establish uniform practices and methods of accounting. This, indeed, is the first step which District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers of America, with its progressive program for nationalization, has been advocating. Meanwhile the public is becoming accustomed to government control of fuel through another series of incidents. If various States can, as they have been doing, undertake the purchase and sale of gasoline, why is public control of coal such an alarming prospect?

If you are protecting the gamblers and bootleggers, so much the worse for you and your administration. If you are in favor of having them put out of business, come clean and do it. . . . But whether you are in favor of protecting or outlawing those leeches on society, they are going out of business until this strike is called off. You have the chance to put them out of business if you will. But they are going out of business, whether you will or not.

THIS to the mayor of Seattle by certain citizens interested in law and order. Nor are these citizens dealing in words alone. They have a committee called the Dehorn Committee ("dehorn," we are told, is Far West for bootleg liquor) which goes about from gambling joint to blind pig and asks the proprietor to close up. The proprietor closes up. It is to his interest to do so. These citizens put power behind their requests and they are listened to. The mayor listens to them, too, but rather unwillingly. It is hard to forbid people to enforce the laws or to stop violations of them. And while the police of Seattle and the other constituted enforcers of the Eighteenth Amendment have had their own little arrangements with its violators, and doubtless hated to be disturbed, they could do little about it. The virtuous citizens won, and not only continued to enforce the law but even enforced a little cooperation upon the city authorities. And these citizens? you ask. Rotarians? Civic-betterment leaguers? Well, no. They belong to that other body of uplift workers—the I.W.W. There is a strike on in the lumber camps of Washington—a strike to obtain the freedom of all political prisoners—and the I.W.W. is going to see that decency prevails while the strike lasts.

THE great trolley-car strike which for nearly two months completely stopped service on lines affecting nearly 150 towns in northern New Jersey has ended with an undisputed victory for the men and a three-year agreement under which they have gone back to work with better hours and a 20 per cent increase in wages. The capitulation of the company came finally in the face of judicial proceedings which sought either to compel the railway to resume service or to place it in the hands of receivers. The company is petitioning the Public Utilities Commission of the State for permission to raise fares from eight to ten cents, but it is doubtful if the increase will be granted. Perhaps never before has a great transportation system abandoned so quickly and completely all effort to run its cars in the face of labor difficulty, and more than anything else, this callous disregard of public welfare aligned sentiment almost solidly against it. Menaced on

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the one hand with jitney competition and on the other with a receivership, surrender to its employees seemed to be the only course open to the company. But the adjustment of labor difficulties has not settled the vital economic problems raised by the motor bus and the privately used car.

SOMETIMES voters in this country have a quiet and unexpected way of disposing of demagogic politicians when one is afraid that the latter's spectacular activities may have quite captivated the multitude. Something of this sort has happened in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where Mayor Joseph Cauffiel has been decisively beaten in the primary election, running fourth in a list of seven. The mayor's recent announcement that every Negro in the city of less than seven year's residence would have to get out, coupled with his earlier absurdities in regard to the sale of beer, convinced many persons outside of Johnstown that Mr. Cauffiel would be a good person to retire to private life. It is satisfying to note that the voters of Johnstown, unimpressed with the mayor's efforts at self-advertising, have come to the same conclusion.

RESIGNATIONS from the faculty of Amherst College, in consequence of the forced withdrawal of Dr. Meiklejohn as president, so disorganized teaching schedules that the opening of classes had to be postponed several days. At Clark University the arbitrary policies of the president, Wallace W. Atwood, have so affected the ranks of those about to enter college that the freshman class enrolling this year is hardly half the usual size. Both these happenings are sad yet encouraging facts in our scholastic life. One hates to see signs of disintegration in two respected institutions, but still more it is gratifying to observe that autocracy and illiberalism are resented both by the teaching forces and the upgrowing student body in this country. Signs of intellectual independence among teachers and students are of immensely more consequence than occasional backward steps by trustees who would bring into education the atmosphere of their counting houses.

WHEN the steamship President Adams of the United States Lines sailed out of New York harbor for Europe the other day it had a new kind of quartermaster on the bridge—nicknamed among sailors "Metal Mike." This Robot sailor, or sailor Robot, is a creation of the inventor of the gyroscope compass, and in connection with that instrument is designed to control automatically a ship's rudder so that a vessel can be steered on a given course without human assistance. If this "Metal Mike" proves it can do a quartermaster's work—and it is said to have had successful use already—it means, in steamships at least, the disappearance of that figure symbolic in the public mind of the whole art of seafaring: the man at the wheel! To be able "to hand, reef, and steer" has from time almost immemorial been the measure of an able-bodied seaman. Aside from the housemaid's round of polishing brass, scrubbing decks, and "soogey-moogeying" dirty paint-work what is there left now for a poor sailorman to do? Well, there is still the lookout. Unless—unless Mr. Sperry presently invents automatic eyes to pierce the darkness ahead and thus remove the shadowy figure that now stands in the crow's-nest or paces the forecastle head calling back lustily to the bridge as he strikes the bell: "Lights are burning bright, sir, and al-l-l's we-ell."

Neither Peace Nor Victory

CHANCELLOR STRESEMANN, after consultation with representatives of all German parties, has determined upon complete and unconditional surrender to the French demand for abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr. He did not obtain any of the preliminary conditions for which he asked. There is no assurance that the French will amnesty the thousands of Germans whom they have imprisoned, or permit the hundreds of thousands whom they have deported to return to their homes. Nor is there any guaranty against further French invasion of Germany or against consolidation of French rule in the Rhineland and the Ruhr. Force, brute force, the sheer power of the French army, has triumphed.

Yet force has won such triumphs before, and learned too late that they were vain and empty. The Germans paid dear for their triumph over the Bolsheviks at Brest-Litovsk. That overwhelming victory did more to injure their moral position in the world than anything which had happened since the invasion of Belgium. The promised economic advantages faded; the people of the new territory put under German aegis sullenly yielded but never really submitted—and in the Rhineland and the Ruhr the French face a people with an even deeper sense of national loyalty.

What have the French won? Eight and a half months ago Poincaré sent his "corps of engineers, guarded by a few soldiers" into the Ruhr, expecting that they would take over its industries and start a steady flow of reparations and supplies to France. The corps has grown into a costly army of a hundred thousand men; months of strikes and stoppages have followed, cutting off the two million tons of coal which the Germans had each month shipped to France; French blast furnaces have been forced to shut down for lack of coke; the value of German paper currency has been wiped out; the franc has lost a quarter of its value; and the war-welded friendship between England and France has been wrenched into almost open hostility. After all this comes the German surrender. Thrice before the Germans, protesting inability to keep their word, have been forced to sign on the dotted line—once at Versailles in 1919, once at Spa in 1920, and once at London in 1921. Each time the experiment has proved disastrous. Now Stresemann signs another blank check, and once more it will turn out that the money is not in the bank. Was it worth so much fighting to make a German Prime Minister again agree to overdraw his country's economic account?

For Poincaré as a French politician it is doubtless a great victory. His position in Parliament and the position of his political associates in the 1924 elections is enormously strengthened. For the French steel magnates, whose lawyer Poincaré was before he assumed his present office, it may also be a victory. Behind the scenes they have doubtless made terms with Hugo Stinnes and the German industrialists, to the mutual profit of both parties. But the task of reconstruction has not been facilitated; the problem of balancing the French budget and saving the French franc has not been solved. France stands more alone than ever, hated on every side, on her eastern frontier a still great people resentfully dreaming of ultimate revenge—and France should know what dreams of revenge may be. For the French people, as for all Europe, the German surrender can mean neither peace nor real victory, but only more chaos and more misery.

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The Newspapers

NEW YORK without its customary newspapers was a curious sight to those accustomed to the solid rows of papers that usually hide men's faces in the subways and on the elevated. People who habitually sink their minds in the trivialities of the daily newspaper the moment they forsake their office cares and associates were chagrined to find themselves face to face with their own petty selves, forced through the weary ride homeward to stare at the advertisements as their only escape from a too familiar ego. It was a revelation of the function of the modern daily newspaper, which is not so much to give an account of the world we live in as to provide a means of escape from that world—to supply unreal entertainment as a relief from real monotony.

Philadelphia papers, Yonkers papers, the *Bronx Home News* could not meet the need. The labor *Call*, the *Commercial*, and the *Wall Street Journal* could not satisfy the strap-hanger. They were strange, and he wanted familiarity—the pioneer tradition of America finds no expression in the newspaper reader. They were serious, and he wanted levity. Without Mutt and Jeff, without Abie the Agent and the Hallroom Boys, the average New Yorker felt uneasy and lost. He did not know what to think about without the newspapers to instruct him.

The various editions of the *Combined New York Newspapers* printed in insufficient numbers on few pages were a fascinating study in editorial judgment. Despite the common heading, the contents differed. Under the same title one discovered the familiar type of the *Herald*, the *News*, the *Journal*, the *Mail*, or the *Evening Post*. Most of the papers, forced to choose, omitted their editorial pages. Not one neglected sports. Political cartoons were dropped, but the omnipresent "strips" and "comics" appeared in all their sorry glory. The *World* found room for F.P.A. and Heywood Broun, but not for the page that Frank Cobb makes famous. Recognition of the decline of the editorial function of the newspaper was all but complete. The Ward murder trial crowded more enduring news to a minimum. Many a reader must suddenly have realized that despite the delay in receiving it, he could more easily learn what was going on in the world from a weekly like *The Nation* than from the elaborate, overgrown columns of the daily papers. It was a positive relief to find only eight pages of newspaper type to wade through instead of the customary thirty-two.

It was difficult to penetrate to the causes of the sudden deprivation of newspapers. The issue was confused by the double character of the dispute. The pressmen struck against the newspaper publishers, but the most violent conflict was between the New York workers and the national officers of their union. Mr. Berry, president of the International Printing Pressmen's Union of North America, acted almost as agent for the publishers and is today serving as a sort of strike-breaking detective agency recruiting men to smash the New York strike. Naturally the men are bitterer against him than against the publishers. But the curious fact is that in principle they were right in their dispute with the publishers, wrong in that with Mr. Berry.

The men violated no contract to which the publishers were a party. Their contract with the publishers had expired on September 1, and the publishers—confident, perhaps, in the tacit support of Mr. Berry—were refusing to modify the indefensible Manton award under which the men had, grumblingly, been working. On the other hand, they were members of an international union whose constitution required the assent of the national officers before a strike should be declared. This assent the men were unable to obtain. They knew they could never obtain it; their dispute with Mr. Berry was of long standing; they believed Berry to have tricked them before and to be ready to trick them again. So they deliberately violated their union constitution, and struck. It was a dangerous defiance of union discipline for two reasons—first, because without discipline and solidarity the union movement is meaningless, and second, because by running the risk of outlawry they jeopardized their own immediate success. There come times, however, when civil disobedience, in the union as in the state, is the only safeguard of liberty; and Berry's dictatorship in his union, maintained by a sort of rotten-borough system of representation, had, in the minds of the New York pressmen, amply justified their action. They went out to the last man, and at this writing they are still unanimously on strike although the publishers have since offered them most of the conditions for which they struck if only they will abandon their local leaders and enrol in a new local under the hegemony of Major Berry.

More fundamental is the dispute with the publishers which was the direct cause of the strike. On February 21, 1922, Judge Martin T. Manton of the United States Court of Appeals, acting as arbitrator between the New York newspaper publishers and pressmen, handed down a decision which has since kept the pressrooms in constant turmoil. He swept away the old working rules and established new ones against which the men protested and have ever since been protesting. Some of them were so stupid that by precise adherence to them the men have sabotaged whole newspaper editions. Judge Manton based his revision, as the New York *Call* points out in an able editorial, on the antiquated legal conception of "master and servant." The employee, he said, "labors for the pleasure or interest of another." He "represents his [the employer's] will, not merely in the ultimate result of the work, but in the details." Many of the old rules were bad rules, but they had grown up as part of the industry and represented a treasured and dignified conception of the worker's right to share in determining the conditions under which he works. A revision should have been the product of cooperative deliberation, not a dictatorial mandate, and the revolt of the New York pressmen is a significant expression of the failure of dictatorship. The issue at root is the old issue of democracy.

New York, reading unaccustomed or consolidated newspapers, probably reflected little on these larger issues. Very few who went without their usual paper meditated upon the issues of cooperation among the varied workers and interests which together make the daily newspapers. But probably a good many half-consciously reflected the comment of the *Volkszeitung* which, like most of the foreign-language papers (which sell a million copies daily in New York City), settled with its pressmen and appeared as usual: "The capitalist press of New York City was never so upright and truthful as today when it says to the public: 'We are all one and the same, however various the names we bear.'"

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John Morley

THE writers and statesmen of the last generation are passing. And each time that another lays down the burdens of earth, the journalists tell us that the last of the Victorians is gone. In their sense it is not true. Of the sentimental idyllic Victorianism, of the period of the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin of the mind, hosts of survivors are in our midst. It is not so with that other group and strain and tradition which, contrary to the popular notion, rendered the reign of Victoria illustrious in the annals of England and the world. Of that group John Morley was indeed the last survivor. One thinks of him truly as *ultimus Romanorum*. From a world torn asunder by wild doctrinaires and hysterical visionaries there is gone the last of those intellects whose sovereign lucidity, noble poise, ultimate tolerance, were as a beacon and light and guide from the publication of the early works of John Stuart Mill until today.

Morley was the son of a Lancashire surgeon. He was lawyer, journalist, philosopher, statesman. Immediately on leaving Oxford he commenced writing for the *Saturday Review;* later he was associated with the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and for fifteen years he edited the *Fortnightly Review*. He entered Parliament in 1883 as an advanced Gladstonian Liberal; he became, in time, Chief Secretary for Ireland; upon his retirement from politics in 1914 he was President of the Council and Secretary of State for India. Among his services as a statesman must be accounted his plans for constitutional reforms in India which, had they been carried out in time, would have saved both Britain and India long years of enmity and conflict, his early advocacy of a liberal policy toward Ireland, his resignation from the ministry upon the British declaration of war in 1914. Upon the causes of this resignation—Trevelyan and John Burns, it will be remembered, went with him—Morley was silent. He was in his seventy-sixth year. He had never been a friend of futile tumult and petty passions. But the explanation which will some day be given to the world in the third volume, yet unpublished, of his memoirs, cannot be obscure, at least in its main outlines, to any attentive reader of the essay on The Expansion of England in the third volume of his "Miscellanies." He knew that the "imperialist or bombastic school" was a school of traders and money-changers, that the imperialist wars of the industrialist age were traders' and money-changers' wars. He remarked with quiet irony then that "war is often entered upon even in our own virtuous days without preliminary consent from Parliament," and placed on the same basis of imperialist advantage and moral claptrap the paying of money "for a war, say, for the defense of Afghanistan against Russia, or for the defense of Belgian neutrality."

These things, these actions that loom so gigantically in the eyes of the world, are quickly dwarfed and soon recede. John Morley will be remembered by his books, the "Voltaire," the "Rousseau," the "Life of Gladstone," the treatise "On Compromise," above all, the "Critical Miscellanies." Today these sober volumes are not, we fear, very widely read. There is no vain striving and crying in them; there are no plumes or banners. People read Chesterton and Kipling, and drive their chariots ever more madly into the barbarous realms of religious and patriotic myth. It was from precisely that sort of picturesque but deadly barbarism that the Utilitarians, the Mills, father and son, Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen, Huxley and Morley were anxious to save both their countrymen and mankind. Morley said of John Stuart Mill that "with his reputation will stand or fall the intellectual repute of a whole generation of his countrymen." A later generation's intellectual repute has already fallen with its neglect of John Morley. It made him a peer of the realm of England; of his spirit and of the spirit of his thought and counsels it neither knew anything nor wanted to know anything. His later years were spent in a world full of fire-eating myth-mongers and absolutists and empty opportunists. The voice of reason was silenced; the voice of Lloyd George prevailed.

The Mills, father and son, Arnold and Stephen, Huxley and Morley—these men all had what Morley so happily called the "sensibility of the intellect." They wanted honor among minds. They held self-deception and its consequent muddling to be somewhat less than human. They wanted not blindly to do what is commonly called "good" and is often both cruel and stupid; they wanted, in Morley's words, "to find out what the good is—which is harder." They were all very fond of the eighteenth century and very positivistic in temper, and fought shy of metaphysics. Yet they were far more philosophic than the metaphysicians who are so often poets gone wrong and build up huge systems to ground and buttress the idealistic assumptions that give them a pleasant feeling. Arnold was, of course, a great poet and so both richer and more variable of nature than the others. But he, with Mill and Morley, wanted "reason and the will of God to prevail," and it is significant that Morley, like Arnold, was a great Wordsworthian on Wordsworth's realistic and genuine and non-theological side.

Of that whole school and tradition the works of Morley are the last and not the least enduring monument. His prose was like his temper and his doctrine—weighty, serene, and unadorned. Its sobriety was natural and yet perhaps it was heightened by his fear of exaggeration and excess. Often a faint glow warms it, when he thinks of Wordsworth or Goethe, or speaks of his master, John Stuart Mill, or discourses on that tolerance, on that noble reasonableness which alone, according to him, and to his teachers and friends, can mitigate the troubles of mankind. His pages are always grave and wise and liberal.

Liberal! The word threatens to fall into disrepute. But that is due to a misconception. The great philosophic British liberals, Mill and Morley, never turned their backs upon the path on which their thinking led them. They were quite ready to face radical change in both the moral and the social life of mankind. Their liberalism was a matter of temper. They wanted change to come through reason and such action as grows out of the exercise of the reason. They were averse from red flags as well as from others. They expected salvation from no kind of violence, no ungoverned passion, no panacea or myth, old or new. It is perfectly permissible and easy to argue that, amid the hot and desperate needs of the world, their word is not the last. It remains true that their word is a word never to be forgotten, never to be unheeded except at our extreme peril. And the last great speaker of that word of truth and reason was John Morley.

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Forward, March!

A SIGNIFICANT armistice in the fifty-three-year fight between the contractors for convict labor and inefficient State governments on the one hand and the employers of free labor supported by prison-reform agencies on the other was concluded on September 15. On that date the Reliance Manufacturing Company made an agreement with the International Association of Garment Manufacturers not to make further contracts with State governments for the manufacture of convict-made textiles for sale on the open market, and to cooperate where such contracts now exist in changing the character of prison industries as fast as may be in line with the "States' use system" urged in *The Nation* for July 11, 1923. The withdrawal of this largest single employer of convict labor, a company which has been using 3,136 convicts in ten different States, will reduce the amount of prison-made goods thrown on the open market to undersell free-labor products by one-half and will mean the gradual elimination of the most extensive prison industry now exploiting State governments and their prisoners. Contracts for the manufacture of hosiery, chairs, shoes, brooms and brushes, harness, lumber, and the mining of coal (in Alabama) remain—all at little or no profit to the States and without wages for the convicts.

The Reliance Manufacturing Company has proved concretely that prison labor is profitable. The forward-looking penologist insists that work for the prisoner is essential for his well-being and ultimate "cure." It remains for the States to accept these facts. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor has worked out a system, and the Associates for Government Service, a non-profit corporation, is rapidly putting it into operation, calling for prison industries operated by the States themselves, with no intermediate contractor to absorb the profits. The products will be used in the State, county, and city departments, and the surplus will be sold to other States, counties, and cities not in a position advantageous for the manufacture of the particular commodity. The plan embraces a careful allocating of the prison industries with regard to the supply of raw materials and the absorption of released convicts into the free industry in that locality. It proceeds on the standardization of specifications for all commodities, a practical measure both from the production and the purchasing standpoints. It provides for an adequate wage to the convict worker, from which one part shall be deducted by the State for his keep, and another part for the support of his dependents, thus relieving innocent families of the stigma of charity and law-abiding citizens of the burden of unnecessary taxes.

This system is sane and sound from every standpoint. Already New York State is making for its own use school desks, shoes, clothing, cotton cloth, and tinware, and doing printing for its prison department. Ohio has similar prison industries and in addition is making brick for her State roads. Massachusetts is manufacturing aluminum ware for Mississippi. New Jersey is selling shoes to Alabama and several other States, and is making automobile tags for Virginia, while Virginia is manufacturing desks for New Jersey. The plan provides for zone conferences to be held as the States call for them and it is to be hoped that soon the United States may be known for the justice and excellence of its prison industries system.

Where Canada Leads

SIR ADAM BECK, director of the most extensive hydro-electrical power development in the world, was distinctly pleased. Mayor Maguire of Toronto was pleased. The citizens of the Province of Ontario were pleased. For year after year delegation after delegation of American business men, holding conventions in Toronto, had politely given the Canadians to understand that as far as "pep," business enterprise, and practical common sense were concerned the Canadians were a bad second. At the Public Ownership Conference, held in Toronto in September, 1923, the atmosphere was distinctly different. Men and women had traveled from California and Oregon and Florida to learn from Canada how to conduct public enterprises.

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario started in 1910 to distribute power—1,000 horse-power all told—to a few Ontario municipalities. Today it furnishes 600,000 horse-power at cost to 369 Canadian towns and cities, and supplies some 60,000 horse-power to Rochester, Syracuse, and Oswego. The cooperating Ontario municipalities now own a plant worth $250,000,000. The price of electricity since the establishment of the commission has been cut in halves and thirds, saving to the people of the province in their light and heat bills, it is estimated, $100,000,000. The average charge to residences in the province is from two to three cents per kilowatt hour. The commission is now building on the Canadian side of the Niagara River the largest single hydro-electric development in the world—the Queenston-Chippewa station.

Naturally a convention staring such facts in the face recommended for the United States a Federal Super-Power Commission, to coordinate all agencies, Federal, State, and local, in the development of publicly owned and operated super-power plants. Naturally it came to believe that the public ownership and operation of super-power was possible on the other side of the border. What it learned of the unscrupulous tactics employed in the United States by opponents of public ownership tended in the same direction. Rudolph Spreckels told how the Greater California League, which defeated the public water-power amendment last year, "never," according to the testimony of its own president, Mr. Cullinan, "had a meeting. . . . I [Cullinan] appointed myself as president. I was employed by the power companies, through Mr. John S. Drum . . . and met, with myself, after the employment, and organized the Greater California League." Over $1,000,000 was spent. No account was kept of expenditures—but the State amendment was defeated.

The delegates listened to statements of progress morning, afternoon, and night. From Emil Davies and Charles Edward Russell, fresh from Europe, they heard that there was in Great Britain and the Continent even now a steady progress toward, not away from, municipal and national ownership—Julius H. Barnes notwithstanding. Amos Pinchot sounded a strong call for railway nationalization, and proved from the lips of the American railway presidents that war control had been a success, not a failure.

Naturally, Sir Adam Beck and the mayor of Toronto were pleased. They had done the things the men from across the border wanted to do. They had advanced from theory to proof. Canada was showing the United States the way.

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Missing Most of Europe

By HARBOR ALLEN

Munich, September 1

YESTERDAY, as I trudged home to my little student room in Munich, it suddenly came over me that I had been in Europe half a year and yet had missed most of it. I had just bought the European edition of "The World's Greatest Newspaper," written in a charmingly wretched English with genuine American headlines. It still lies on the table beside me; across the top: "Deauville Winds Up Big Week by Gambling Flurry." I glance down the column: "Wagers at 20,000 francs a coup . . . 50,000 on the baccarat table . . . a syndicate of ten million francs . . . gorgeous set of diamonds . . . a peacock fan. . . . Maurice, the dancer . . . the English rubber magnate . . . Mr. Preston Gibson . . . Miss Fanny Ward. . . ." They are fat-sounding names that follow, complacent and prosperous.

Yes, obviously, I am missing most of Europe. The more I look at that paper the more I am convinced of it. But on the other side of my table lies the letter I received last night from Franz, who scribbled his notes beside me at the university all of last spring. Franz writes that he is working seventeen hours a day, double shift, in a mine somewhere in Upper Bavaria, trying to scrape together enough money to continue his studies this winter. He is worried. Books, he has heard, now cost a million times the pre-war price. (They have gone up since.) He doesn't want to be left high and dry as he was last year. Last year Franz dug coal all summer in the Ruhr, two eight-hour shifts a day; but in the fall, when the mark suddenly dropped, his money lasted just one month. Might he dare to ask that I help him? Could he impose upon me so much as to beg that I change into dollars the inclosed five million marks at the current rate and keep them for him? It took him three weeks to save up those five million marks, and already they are worth in buying power one-fifth of what they were when he got them. Food is appallingly high, even in the mining camp. He is sleeping in a barrack. He hasn't seen a book for weeks, and he is aching to read—anything good. It hurts to be a *Bettelstudent*, but if only I could help him even so little he would always be my grateful Franz.

Five million marks—50 cents—for three weeks. And across the table my eye catches—"at 20,000 francs a coup." But then I suppose Fritz, Fred, and Hans are missing most of Europe, too. I wonder where they are now? They promised to write, but the new postage rates, eighty times those of two weeks ago, are probably too much for them. When I came to know Fritz, Fred, and Hans I couldn't believe what I had heard about them when I first came to Munich. "Come along," I was told, "and see for yourself." I found Fritz, Fred, and Hans living in one attic room. Furniture consisted of one rickety table and two chairs. There was no bed. A single candle, sparingly used, served as light for study and heat for thawing out numbed fingers.

Each of the three had one shirt which he wore only on Sunday. One cannot live like a gentleman, they explained, when a fair-sized laundry bill runs up into the millions of marks. For food they had an ingenious arrangement: by pooling the earnings of their spare hours they found they could afford one full meal each day. Consequently, every third day each of the three dined like a king in a dirty, cheap little restaurant; and then returned to his room to munch on dry bread for the next two days while his companions took their turns.

Then there was Rudi. Rudi comes from a good family. All last year he worked through the night in a locomotive factory and studied during the day. In the spring he was discharged from the factory; he was too weak to work. Rudi, it seems, had contracted tuberculosis. It is spreading like pest in Munich, and easy enough for a half-starved man to get. But Rudi wasn't going to give up; he applied to the *Studentenhilfe* or Students' Relief for a fighting chance. What they told him Rudi took calmly enough. They said that to help him would consume enough of their funds to provide for four healthy students; and that in time of universal distress they had to provide first of all for the fit. Rudi, in other words, was too big a risk. He would have to shift for himself. So Rudi bade us a rather carefree farewell, refused to accept a penny, and disappeared. Nobody seemed to care. When a ship is sinking every man looks out for himself, and there isn't much sentiment wasted on the fellow who can't. Besides—Rudi is only one of many.

Missing most of Europe—no doubt. But there are some things which the English rubber magnate, and Miss Fanny Ward, and Mr. Preston Gibson are missing, too; things which I wish they could see as I have seen. I wish they could see the glittering, half-starved animal eyes in the emaciated boyish faces up here on Ludwigstrasse. I wish they could see the crude food served in the *mensa academica* which, even at reduced prices and still more reduced portions, costs thousands and thousands of marks. I wish they could see the threadbare clothes, and the tiny, dingy rooms devoid of even a flicker of heat in the winter. I wish they could spend half a morning in the little green office of the Ausländische Studentenhilfe für die Münchner Hochschulen, a small group of foreign students organized in the hope of pouring here and there a drop of water on a hot stone. "We shall have to select more carefully when the university opens in November," they could read on a

When this article was written 5 million marks were worth 50 cents; when this article is printed 5 million marks are worth 2½ cents.

The German mark is now worth less than the Soviet ruble. Germany's paper-money circulation jumped in one week in mid-September from 600 trillion to more than a quadrillion marks.

A Berlin newspaper which cost 2,500 marks on July 28 cost 500,000 on September 9.

The German Government spent 247,970,000 million marks between August 10 and 20, and its total income for the same period amounted to only 4,340,000 million marks. The Government has stopped issuing postage stamps and is simply stamping the words "Tax Paid" on mail presented at the post office.

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placard over the door, "for now we can help only the best and the neediest. It will take $3 a month to support a student this winter. Last winter we did it on $2." And the dollar bills, apparently, are coming in slowly. Most foreign tourists who pass through Munich are too busy reading the continental edition of "The World's Greatest Newspaper"—and seeing most of Europe. Fully one-third of the 15,000 students at the University of Munich, despite every effort to help themselves, despite the sacrifices of graduates and friends of the institution, are utterly unable to keep above water. A good percentage of that third are actually facing slow starvation or the inevitable diseases that accompany undernourishment. And all this was so a month or two ago, when students could still get a plate of macaroni, a few potatoes, and a chunk of sour black bread for 10,000 marks. What are students going to do this winter?

Many of them, obviously, will not be able to return. To the European youth, giving up his studies is not simply a matter of surrendering so many football games each year, a junior prom, and a frat pin. It means that he is once for all shut out from the profession for which he has been preparing half of his life; that he must probably become, at least in the immediate future, a common laborer; that he must definitely surrender the social and intellectual life which is the prerogative of the cultured German.

And the others—many of whom will be unable to find permanent work—will come back. They will have to endure again the torturing humiliation of begging and bickering their way. Those who graduate have little hope of finding a position or of being able to apply their learning. To buy a single scientific textbook will cost them a whole month of the pay they drew digging with pick and shovel in the mud of the Isar canal, or cutting peat under a glowing sun in the Bavarian highlands—that is, provided the money doesn't depreciate to one-tenth its value, while books increase tenfold, both of which are more likely than not. Think of it! A month's pay for a single commonplace book such as 50,000 half-interested American students will be buying now for a $5 bill without even a second thought.

There they lie beside me: the letter on one side, the newspaper on the other. "If only I can help him a little. . . ." And then my eye skips down the smug columns of print: " . . . eight hundred were served at the gala dinner last night in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs. . . . Mme. Sapene, with the most elaborate collection of jewels seen here this year . . . two ropes of pearls, earrings with four huge stones each, six wide diamond bracelets. . . ."

Somehow, I'm rather glad I am missing most of Europe.

The German Samson

By AGATHA MARSHALL BULLITT

Berlin, August 20

IN some old fantastic lampoon—was it by Goethe or Voltaire?—I remember the dire dilemma a state fell into, because its paper-note printers laid down their work and went off on a holiday. What sounded like a grotesque satire, an impossible situation amid impossible surroundings, has become literally and acutely a fact in Germany today. The dollar skyrocketed up to one, two, three, four, five millions of marks in less than as many days, the prices ran a race with the dollar, foodstuffs pretty nearly vanished, people became panicky, the Reichsbank printers struck. Berlin waked up one morning to find herself without even worthless paper marks enough to keep the pot boiling for the day. The banks closed. What was the use in keeping them open when there was no money in them? Trillionaires found themselves with scarcely the wherewithal for a meal, at least as far as German currency was concerned. Those who had *Devisen* thrust their hands down into their treasure and brought forth two, three, four dollars, whatever was necessary to supply their needs for the day. But see! though the dollar was officially standing at four to five millions, these Croesuses discovered they could only realize a million, or perchance half a million, on their dollar. The German waiters, shopkeepers, and porters abruptly turned the tables on those who had been demanding cartloads of hard-earned German paper for one small American greenback; the owner of foreign *Devisen* could take what was offered him by the happy possessors of million mark bills, or he could go hungry.

A strange sight, a city like Berlin, without money! Huge factories not able to pay employees, offering coupons that could be redeemed at the banks when the money mills again began to work; employees refusing to take these coupons, for it would mean hours of weary waiting in front of the teller's window; the factories trying to appease them by payment in *Naturalien*, in margarine, rice, noodles.

The shops, most of them, closed their doors, or kept open for only a few hours a day. There was little in them, and that little they wanted to hold back till they could see what was what. The housewives lined up by the hundred, with camp stools and knitting, vaguely hoping by a many hours' vigil to obtain a quarter of a pound of something to stave off hunger from the family. In some places riots took place and numbers were killed. I have not myself chanced to run across serious disorder, but intense excitement prevails. And why not?

Wages and salaries ranging from six to fifteen millions a week, with butter (when you can get it!) costing a million and a half a pound, meat two millions, a loaf of bread two hundred thousand, an egg sixty thousand, a pair of shoes thirty millions, a suit of clothes fifty millions! Who can pay such prices? None but the foreign capitalist or the native profiteer. Down with both! What's the use in working if you can't make enough to live on? And as for saving, none but a maniac would think of laying up for tomorrow. What buys a good drunk tonight may not pay carfare in the morning.

That's the worst of the whole miserable business—you never know one minute where you stand the next. If you could only say: So much for rent, so much for food, so much for clothing, and make so and so much. But no; you have not the slightest idea what your expenses will be from day to day, or from hour to hour. While having your lunch at a restaurant, the waiter comes and changes the prices on the menu; you probably have to pay double what you expected when you gave your order. You only know one thing: you cannot possibly meet expenses with what you are making, and you see no possibility of making more.

So much for those who are lucky enough to be employed. But what about the many who have no such luck—those who have desperately looked for work and can find none? There are but three alternatives. They are literally driven to dishonesty, to begging, or to despair and death. Of those by circumstances driven to a dishonest livelihood I shall

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not speak. Their sins be on the heads of those who robbed Germany of the means to look after her own. The beggars fare comparatively well; there is still a crust of bread for them here, a plate of warm soup there. But those who cannot beg and cannot steal! Among them are to be found Germany's best. They are going completely under—are almost gone—yet so quietly, so decently, that the outside world hears no moan. They brush their threadbare clothes and take a walk when night comes on that none they know may see their plight. Or they tramp the streets by day, looking always, always. . . . Is there work nowhere for willing men and women?

The workmen have their unions. To a certain extent they are looked after when unemployed. But the brain workers? Nobody can pay for brain work in Germany today. They are verily starving. The aged and the ailing are starving too. Words fail to describe their anguish—the slow wasting away.

Is it a wonder that the German people are nervous, overwrought, incapable of sustained clear thinking? The wonder is they are as calm as they are. But can this calm last? Hunger stalking a land makes it ripe for change. The Communists are holding meetings which are hugely crowded. And a new note is being struck at these meetings —the national note. In the old days German Communists, in their efforts to be truly international, succeeded often in being only anti-national. It is different now. Their appeal is to the German people as a whole: to the intellectual as well as the manual worker; to the small shopkeeper and to the official; to all who are suffering under the intolerable strain of the time; to the great middle class that has become more proletarian than the hardest day laborer. To these the Communists appeal, urging them to join in the effort to free the fatherland from foreign imperialism, foreign capitalism; to make Germany a place for the German people to live and be happy in. It is said that this new appeal is but a maneuver—that the German Communists have seen they cannot win over the masses without appealing to love of home and fatherland; that Radek has given the word, and they are following his lead. This may be, but the drive is a powerful one, and anti-Communists, the world over, if they wish to hold their own against the despairing German masses, would better have a care!

Germany is ill fitted just now for experiments. Undernourished for years, she is physically and mentally anemic. Though strong and hardy by nature, the superhuman strain that she has been under has sapped her vitals. The strain must be lifted if she is to live, not a new strain put upon her. To attempt to introduce Communism at this time would be death to Germany, I am convinced. Her enemies may be glad to hear this. But she will not go down alone; her death will spell the death of those who have brought her to this pass.

There was a strong man once shorn of his strength by the enemy's cunning. They put out his eyes, bound him with fetters, and made him grind in the prison house. Then they brought him out one night and bade him make sport for them at their banquet. And he, sitting between the pillars of the banqueting hall, remembered his lost strength and his lost sight. And he prayed to God that his strength might be given back to him just once to be avenged of the enemy. "Let me die with the Philistines," Samson cried out in his anguish, and his wish was granted him. "He took hold of the middle pillars upon which the house stood, . . . and he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords and all the people that were therein. So the dead that he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Pebbles in the Farmer's Boot

By H. G. ANDREWS

WHILE the farmer is totaling his losses, a portion of the public is tabulating his gains. The farmer, consulting his bank balance, contrives desperate means of relief for a desperate financial situation. Statisticians, consulting government reports, present surprising proof that agriculture is on Easy Street.

The foot that wears the boot is the one that has the decisive sense of pain. If the foot hurts, bootmakers may present figures showing the foot gear is large enough, but those figures will not prove whether there are pebbles in the boot. The farmer is walking lame. He insists he is lame. The boots he wears seem to be large enough. In such a situation the obvious thing to do is to look for the pebbles.

Agriculture has always had its recurring periods of travail. Like other big industries uneconomically organized, it is prince or pauper. Which means that agriculture suffers from an inferiority complex in one generation and from delusions of grandeur in another. Just now the delusions of grandeur, born of war-time prices and conditions, seem faded into the post-war inferiority complex due to changing conditions which in their essence are related to some process of deflation. Agriculture, through its spokesmen, would say that there is now no need for deflating the farmer, since he is flatter than flat right now. Facts are more personal than figures. Nevertheless, let's have a look at the figures.

If the decade from 1910 to 1920 is made the basis of inquiry, it appears that the American farmer was making money all of the time. He apparently closed every year with a nice, fat paper profit. Moreover, the farmer was one of the fortunate industrialists for whom profits ran that were in no wise dependent upon labor performed. Farm investments have appreciated very materially. Any business concern that doubles its investment in ten years—makes 100 per cent by the unearned increment route—is doing very well. The American agriculturist did that. According to the census figure, the 1910 farm-land value was, in round figures, $28,000,000,000. By 1920 that investment had increased to approximately $55,000,000,000. Those figures cover both improved and unimproved farm land. It does not do at all, however, to say that the increase came about by reason of improvements. For the unimproved land increased as rapidly as the improved land. Indeed, in many instances it increased faster.

This is what we are up against on the face of things. Spokesmen for the agriculturist say that farming is a business and that judged by business standards it has been consistently a losing venture. Truly, then, we have a most

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remarkable situation—something strange in the annals of finance. We have a business that has been losing money but which has been increasing in value at the rate of 9 per cent a year. We have an industrial plant that does not pay its way but which is marked up in price all of the time. The rise of the American agriculturist, as told in the Federal census figures, is an inspiring one. Here are a few of the facts as far as the period between 1910 and 1920 was concerned:

The value of farm land increased $26,354,000,000.

The value of all farm property increased $36,933,000,000.

The value of farm improvements increased $7,490,000,000.

The value of implements and machinery increased $2,329,000,000.

As against all of these increases, the mortgage debt increased only $2,277,000,000, reaching a total of approximately $4,000,000,000.

But let us pause to listen to an objector. The four billion dollar mortgage figure, says he, is not large enough. Correct. It does not include mortgages on farms tilled by tenants. Such mortgages are perhaps an evidence of agricultural well-being. A farm that can support a tenant, an owner, and a mortgage at one and the same time is by no means a bankrupt concern. It is, in fact, going rather strong. But suppose farm mortgages totaled $8,000,000,000, the highest figure mentioned in this connection. What is an eight billion dollar mortgage as against a seventy-seven billion dollar property? Any other industry in the country except agriculture so fortunately situated would consider itself on Easy Street. The truth is that no matter how farm figures are handled, the farmer apparently turns up as a miracle worker in the financial world.

There we have the one phase of the situation. What is the other? Senator Capper in a recent statement says that 600,000 people will leave the farm during the present year. The Senator intimates that the low price of wheat is driving people away from the farm. That is the position farm bloc leaders generally take. There is a stock reply to the wheat argument which runs about as follows:

The wheat crop comprises in value about one-sixth of the annual total production. The per capita consumption of wheat in the United States is about 600,000,000 bushels, of which the 50,000,000 people on the farms consume one-half. In addition, the farmer feeds a lot of wheat to his stock and needs 100,000,000 bushels for seed. All of that leaves the exportable surplus of wheat somewhere around 300,000,000 bushels. Suppose wheat is low, say the people who talk back at the farmer, corn brings a good price. Surely the farmer can stand it to lose $100,000,000 or even $200,000,000 on his wheat if he gains approximately $700,000,000 on his corn crop.

The figures for comparative wheat and corn prices are right enough. They are facts. The answer to that is another fact. Senator Capper is quite correct when he says that in all probability 600,000 people will leave the farms during the year 1923. That is only part of the story. The facts are that more than 1,500,000 people have left the farm since 1920. It is only necessary to circulate around among the people who leave the farm for the towns and cities to find that all of them are not leaving because they want to. A great many of them leave because they have to.

It takes a lot of money to live in town, city folks say. That is right; but it takes a lot of money to live in the country. It takes so much money that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the landless man to obtain a home that he can call his own. Any farmer worth his salt works for the time when he will have a farm that belongs to him.

In 1880 there were approximately 4,000,000 farms being tilled in the United States. Seventy-five per cent of them were occupied by their owners; 25 per cent were occupied by tenants. In 1910 there were approximately 6,300,000 farms in the United States. Owners operated 63 per cent of them; tenants operated 37 per cent. It is important to understand not only the extent of tenancy but also at what rate it is increasing or decreasing. On the basis of the number of farms involved tenancy increased 44.5 per cent in the United States between 1880 and 1910. At the rate of increase in tenancy that has been prevalent since 1910, approximately 55 per cent of all the farms in the country will be under tenant operation by 1940.

The rungs of the ladder upon which the landless man climbs to farm ownership are, roughly, home labor, hired labor, tenancy, and ownership with or without mortgage. The rapid increase in land values during the last thirty years, and particularly during the last eight years, has made it increasingly difficult for the landless man to acquire a home. This is shown by the fact that statistics compiled in three typical Mid Western States reveal that those who attained their farms thirty or forty years ago spent an average of 5.2 years as hired hands and 4.9 years as tenants. Three decades later the hired-hand stage occupied 7.9 years and the renter's stage 11.1 years. That is, nineteen years of labor, nineteen years of unceasing toil before the average landless man can secure a farm—blanketed by a mortgage.

Farming is popularly regarded as a stabilized industry as far as ownership and management are concerned. The contrary is true. The annual turnover in agriculture, ownership, and management, being the factors considered, is so great that no other industry could experience it and survive. Twenty per cent of all of the farms in the United States had different occupants—owners or tenants—in December, 1922, than they had the year before. During the year 1922 approximately 25 per cent of the farms occupied by tenants changed hands. During that year at least 10 per cent of the farms changed owners.

The never-ending travels of the tenant farmer, the yearly search for something better, is not evidence of rural prosperity. The tenant moves for a variety of reasons, the principal one being that he has to. Perhaps the landlord raises the rent. Or the tenant finds he cannot pay the rent contracted for. The tenant is perhaps sold out for debt. Or he believes that in some other county or some other State he will have a better chance in his fight to achieve economic independence.

Here we have the crux of the agricultural problem. Production is increasing per man employed upon the farms. Price levels as a whole have tended to increase. Farm lands in many districts have within the last twenty years jumped from $75 an acre to $475. Many farms have changed hands at even higher prices. Agriculture has all of the external statistical evidences of a highly prosperous, thoroughly stabilized and standardized industry. And yet agriculture walks with a limp. There *are* pebbles in the farmer's boot.

A farmer writing in the San Francisco *Chronicle* makes a general explanation of the condition in which he finds himself, saying:

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There is no doubt that multitudes of the small farmers of whom I am fairly typical, and who are making the outcry, are in real trouble if they have bought farms at inflated values, expecting to pay out by the sale of products at inflated prices. A good many such will go broke; so will some tenants who have agreed to pay rentals which cannot be got from the lands. It is unfortunate. In many cases it is pitiful. It cannot be helped. They did not know that extreme inflation must inevitably be followed by a corresponding depression. The pendulum must swing. Incidentally—I wish I knew when—it will begin to swing back toward prosperity

But comments of this kind get us nowhere. They are explanations that minister to confusion. The Iowa farmer who recently wrote a letter to the New York *World* hits the mark. He bought his land for $65 an acre. It is worth $425 now. This farmer says that if he figures on the basis of his actual investment he is doing all right, but that if he figures on present or recent sales value, he is losing money. Even as crop prices range now he "could get along." But God help the man who buys the place at the $425 figure!

When a farmer says that his land is worth $425 an acre, what does he mean? What are the factors that have contributed to that value? Just what has been capitalized? If the farmer would begin answering those questions honestly and intelligently, he would perhaps be less inclined to "cuss" the money powers. For the farmer has helped make the agricultural rope that is slowly strangling him. Here are some of the factors the farmer has capitalized:

The railroad. Land prices went up as soon as a branch-line or a main-line railroad was within hauling distance of the farm.

The country school—the entire rural-school system. Land went up because "we have fine schools in this county."

Hard roads. Land always goes up wherever "there is an improved highway to market."

Modern invention—binders, tractors, threshing machines, all modern farm equipment. The farmer believes that the money interests capitalized the twine-binder and the tractor. They did. But where they capitalized for thousands the farmer capitalized for millions.

Freight rates. As freight rates have declined, as markets have become more and more accessible, land prices have increased.

Growing urban population. That's right. The farmer has capitalized the city. In 1890 64 per cent of the population lived in the country. In 1920 49 per cent lived in the country. The more people there are in the cities, the more people there are to feed. The greater the demand for farm products, the higher the prices of land. The growth of the cities has ministered to farm prosperity, and everything that ministers to farm prosperity the farmer capitalizes.

The landowner does not overlook any bets. New York, for example, is now a congested port. It is one of the most expensive ports in the world. If New York spends half a billion dollars on its port, decreasing the charges in and out, the farmer will capitalize the decrease.

At the present time the agricultural bloc is demanding lower freight rates. If freight rates are reduced, the reduction will be immediately capitalized. The farmer does just what the railroad does, which capitalizes all of the prosperity that comes its way.

The wheat growers, who are now making loud outcry, have been insisting that the canalization of the St. Lawrence would increase the price of wheat ten cents a bushel by reducing freight charges to Liverpool. Suppose freight rates to Liverpool on wheat were reduced, would the American farmer capitalize the reduction? He certainly would.

High prices for farm products are, of course, another factor that is promptly capitalized in terms of land value.

What does all this mean to the tenant, who comprises about 40 per cent of the agricultural population? It means that the way currents are now setting the more prosperous agriculture becomes the harder it will be for him to obtain a farm home of his own. The man who owns land exacts from the tenant payment for all the benefits our present order confers upon agriculture. The landowner even capitalizes the advent of the automobile. Hard roads and Ford cars have made farm isolation a thing of the past. The tenant pays for the fact he is not isolated. He pays in terms of ten years of his life. Whereas a decade ago he could become a home-owner in ten years, it now takes him twenty—on the average. The tenant pays in the form of rent for all agricultural benefits and the purchaser of farm land pays. The man who buys 160 acres of land in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, at the present time, pays for more than land. He pays for the railroads, the schoolhouses, the hard roads, for modern invention, and for the fact that cities like Chicago and New York have become places of comparatively easy access. Moreover, the purchaser of farm lands at prevailing prices, owing to the fact land values have not as yet been very materially deflated, would *pay a good round sum for the high prices for farm produce that prevailed during the war period.*

The American farmer is one of the most sadly overcapitalized business men in the world. As a result, he is racked by business depression and is wrecked by business prosperity. The farmer, like landholders everywhere, appropriates to himself all of the values that result from our present complex economic and social life. These values are appropriated legally enough. Moreover, it is counted good business to capitalize agricultural benefits. But there must be a limit somewhere. There is a zenith for everything. Land prices cannot continue forever to mount. Overcapitalization in the end defeats itself. The burden becomes so heavy the public cannot bear it. And then individuals lose their stake.

Economic problems have a way of solving themselves if let alone. But the undirected solution is not always a pleasing one. The rural land problem is working itself toward a solution. The answer is—the tenant. When land prices are inordinately high, land passes from weak hands to the hands of the strong. It passes by the mortgage route and by the investment route; but it passes. Owners shift but the tenant remains the permanent factor.

Agriculture is prosperous. It is so prosperous that many farms for many years have maintained an owner, a tenant, and a mortgage. But prosperity built upon overcapitalization is deceptive. It can disappear in a night and with it the savings of millions of industrious workers.

Agriculture *is* prosperous. Agriculture *is* lame.

Speculation in land, the inflation that follows dealings in "paper profits," overcapitalization of both the earned and unearned increments, the attempt to perpetuate transient crop and price conditions in the form of permanent capitalization, the land-tenure system that makes possible the appropriation by the individual of values that properly belong to the community, tenancy, and inflation—these are the pebbles in the farmer's boot.

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These United States—XXXIX*

INDIANA: Her Soil and Light

By THEODORE DREISER

THERE is about it a charm which I shall not be able to express, I know, but which is of its soil and sky and water—those bucolic streams and lakes which so charm those who see them. And where else will one find such beech and sugar groves, so stately and still and serene—the seeming abodes of spirits and elves that are both friendly and content? Rains come infrequently and then only in deluging showers. Corn and wheat and hay and melons flourish throughout the State. Spring comes early. Autumn lingers pleasingly into November. The winters are not, in the main, severe. Yet deep, delicious snows fall. And a dry cold in the northern portion makes sleighing and skating a delight. The many lakes and streams afford ample opportunity for house-boats, lakeside cottages, and bungalows as well as canoeing and fishing and idling and dreaming. In the beech and sugar groves are many turtle doves. The bluejay and the scarlet tanager flash and cry. Hawks and buzzards and even eagles, betimes, soar high in the air. Under the eaves of your cottage are sure to be wrens and bluebirds. Your chimneys are certain to shelter a covey of martins. And to your porches will cling the trumpet vine, purple clematis, and wistaria. From the orchard and woodlot of your farm will sound the rusty squeak of the guinea hen and the more pleasing cry of the peacock, "calling for rain."

One should not conclude from this, of course, that the State is without manufacture, or that, size for size, its cities and towns are not as interesting as those of other States. To me they are more so. There is something in the very air that sustains them that is of the substance of charm. What it is I cannot say. You will find it suggested in the poems of Riley and the stories of Tarkington, a kind of wistfulness that is the natural accompaniment of the dreams of unsophistication. To be sure the State is lacking in urban centers of great size which somehow, regardless of character, manage to focus the interest of the outside world. Apart from Indianapolis, a city of three hundred thousand, there is no other of even a third of its size within its borders. Evansville, on the Ohio, and at the extreme southwest corner of the State, has possibly eighty thousand. Ft. Wayne, in the northern portion of the State, the same. Terre Haute, the most forthright of its several manufacturing centers, had, until recently at least, a population of seventy thousand. And because of the character of its manufactories which relate to steel and coal it is looked upon by many who are not a part of it as grimy. Its smaller cities such as Gary, Hammond, South Bend, Kokomo, Richmond, Muncie, and several others literally resound with manufacture, being centers for steel, packing, automobiles, engineering supplies, farm machinery, and so forth. Yet contrasted with the neighboring States of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois—in particular the latter's northern portion—it pales as a center of manufacture. Ohio can boast quite ten centers to its one. In passing from any of these States into Indiana one is reminded of the difference between Holland and Germany or France, the one with its canals, its windmills, and level fields, dotted with simple homes, the other with its plethora of cities and factories and, in the old days, its ever-present army. The one is idyllic, the other almost disturbingly real and irritatingly energetic.

Yet to my way of thinking the State is to be congratulated rather than not upon this limited commercial equipment. Not all of our national domain need to be commercial, I trust, however much we may wish it. A few such pastoral areas might prove an advantage. Besides, as I have indicated, there is running through the mood of the State something which those who are most intimate with it are pleased to denominate "homey" or "folksy"—a general geniality and sociability. And with this I agree. The automobile and the phonograph, plus the dancing which the latter inspires, have added so much to the color of the small town and the farm in these days. Or, if it be the lone cottage, far from any town, with neither automobile nor phonograph, then the harmonica and the accordeon are found to be in service. And one may sing and dance to those. It is the light, or the soil, or what?

In this connection the church life of Indiana, as well as its moral taboos, have always interested me. Morality one might well assume by now, as well as all important social regulations, are best and most understandingly based upon and regulated by the Golden Rule. Beyond that, among the intelligent, restrictions and compulsions are few. Neither theory nor dogma nor ritual nor custom nor creed are disturbingly binding. Yet in my native State, and despite the steady growth in scientific knowledge, devotion to denominational liturgy and dogma appears to be unmodified. Go where you will, into any city or town you choose, and there will be not one but four or five or six or more churches of the ultra sectarian type and each with a lusty and *convinced* following. Nowhere, considering the sizes of the various cities and towns and hamlets, will you see larger or more attractive edifices of this character. And not infrequently the Bible school attachments or additions are almost as impressive as the church themselves. In short, sectarian religion appears to flourish mightily. It is the most vigorous and binding of all local social activities. The affairs of the church are not only spiritually but socially of the utmost importance. Nearly everyone belongs to one or another of the various denominations and the rivalry between the several sects is not infrequently keen, especially in the smaller places. And in the main, and despite all science, they are still imperialistic in their claim to revelation and devotion. Religious innovations are taboo. Even modern liberalizing theologic tendencies, though sanctioned by a stray soul here and there, are not in the main either understood or approved of. To this day in many orthodox quarters the youths of the hour are still discouraged from attending the State or any other university on the ground that they are "hotbeds of infidelity and irreligion." And the local press, running true to form, as it does everywhere, editorially sustains this contention.

And yet, as the world knows, Indiana has its "genius

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belt" geographically deliminated even, as "south of a line running east and west through Crawfordsville." And, locally at least, and until recently there was no hesitation in stamping the decidedly successful literary and art products of the State as the effusions of genius. Well, there's neither good nor ill but thinking makes it so. Certainly the State may well be proud of George Ade and Booth Tarkington and William M. Chase, the artist, to say nothing of those distinguished elders James Whitcomb Riley and General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." Whether as much may be said for some others still remains to be seen. Certainly from the point of view of current popularity they have nothing to complain of. And as for posterity, well, posterity pays no grocer's bills. There are many aspiring writers who would gladly change place with George Barr McCutcheon or Charles Major, who wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Yet apart from these the State is not without a few personalities whose names will awaken responsive and other than literary thought beyond its borders—William Henry Harrison, the "Indian fighter" and quondam President, for instance, and Thomas B. Hendricks, once a Vice-President. Also Oliver P. Morton, an efficient early Governor; John Hay, diplomat, author, and cabinet officer of his day; and John Clark Ridpath, the historian. As a true and loyal Hoosier I suppose I should add that James B. Eads, the distinguished engineer, once lived in Brookville, Indiana, that Robert Owen founded his human brotherhood experiment at New Harmony, in Posey County, that Henry Ward Beecher was once pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, and that Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have studied those few books and caught that elusive something that later gave character and beauty to his utterances somewhere in a log cabin in Spencer County.

But beyond these, what? Well, beyond an agreeable and respectable and kindly social world in which to be and pass one's brief and changeful days, what more is needed? Trusts? There are several in active operation, ye tin-plate and ye steel trust, for instance; the former organized at Kokomo, Indiana, the latter in full and dictatorial swing at Gary and Hammond, where only so recently as July, 1919, a number of very respectable employees on strike were promptly and in true liberty fashion shot to death upon the streets of Hammond, their crime being, apparently, opposition to insufficient wages and certain (as they seem to have assumed) unsatisfactory piece-work conditions. The moral entanglements resulting from this method of adjusting labor difficulties are before the courts of Indiana at this very time. Large industries? Indianapolis, Kokomo, and South Bend are assumed to be automobile manufacturing centers of the greatest import, nationally and internationally speaking. The steel interests of Gary, Hammond, and Terre Haute are assumed, not only locally but nationally, to be second to none in America. Indianapolis has not one but several enormous packing plants. The underlying coal-beds of southwestern Indiana—especially about Terre Haute—are listed as among the important resources of the Central West. The melon- and fruit-bearing powers of the climate and soil of that same area have brought about not only specialization and intensive cultivation but a trade-mark which is of the greatest value. In addition the State has scenic wonders such as the caves about Wyandotte and such natural scenery and curative springs as have given rise to French Lick, West Baden, Mud Lavia, The Glades, and all the delightful lake life that characterizes its northern half.

But perhaps, after all, this is not the type of thing that should be registered of Indiana. Despite a long and happy intimacy with it, it is entirely possible that I have not even suggested or have entirely missed its truer spiritual significance as we are wont to say of so much that is but deeply human. Going south through Indiana once with a friend and fellow Hoosier, we two fell into a solemn and almost esoteric, I might say, discussion of the State and its significance, intellectually, emotionally, and otherwise. Previous to what I am about to set down I had been pointing out a number of things—not only those that have always appealed to me, the poetic and folksy charm of the State and its inhabitants—but also a number of other things that rather irritated me, its social devotion to dogmatic religion, for one thing, its rather pharisaical restfulness in its assumed enlightenment and knowledge of what is true and important to the world at large, its political somnolence as suggested by its profound and unchanging devotion to the two ancient and utterly platitudinous parties. With all of this he most solemnly agreed. Then, having done so, entered not so much upon a defense as an interpretation of the State which I will here set down as best I can.

"You should go sometime to an automobile speed contest such as is held annually at the Speedway at Indianapolis, as I have often, year after year; in fact, since it was first built. There, just when the first real summer days begin to take on that wonderful light that characterizes them out here—a kind of luminous silence that suggests growing corn and ripening wheat and quails whistling in the meadows over by the woods, you will find assembled thousands from this and other countries, with their cars and at times their foreign tongues, individuals interested in speed or fame or the development of the automobile. And this might cause you to feel, as it has me, that as rural as it all is, at times Indiana is quite as much of a center and more so even, than places which, by reason of larger populations, set themselves up as such. As I say, I have been there often, and getting a bit tired of watching the cars have gone over into the woods inside the course and lain down on the grass on my back.

"There, about me, would be the same familiar things I have always known and loved since I was a boy here, but that getting out into the world for a time had made me think that I had forgotten, though I hadn't—the sugar and hickory and beech trees, the little cool breezes that come up in the middle of the day and cool the face and hands for a moment, and rustle the leaves—the same fine blue sky that I used to look up into when a boy. But circling around me continuously, just the same, to the south and the north and the east and the west, where were the banks of the track beyond the woods, were these scores of cars from all parts of the world, with their thunder and dust, the thunder and dust of an international conflict. Then I would get up and look to the south along the immense grandstand that was there and would see, flying in this Indiana sunlight, the flags of all the great nations, Italy and England, France and Belgium, Holland and Germany, Austria and Spain. And it came to me then that the spirit that had been instrumental for some reason in distinguishing this particular State from its sister States, as it unquestionably has been distinguished, was and still is, I think, effective. It has won for Indiana

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a freedom from isolation and mere locality which is world-wide. It has accomplished here, on this quiet Hoosier soil, a very vital contact with universal thought."

"Universal thought is a pretty large thing to connect up with, F——," I contended genially. "And this is all very flattering to dear old Indiana, but do you really believe yourself? It seems to me that, if anything, the State is a little bit sluggish, intellectually and otherwise. Or, if it isn't that, exactly, then certainly there is an element of self-complacency that permits the largest percentage of its population to rest content in the most retarding forms of political, religious, and social fol de rol. They are all, or nearly all, out here, good and unregenerate Democrats or Republicans, as they have been for, lo! these seventy years, now—come next Wednesday. Nearly all belong to one or another of the twenty-seven sure-cure sects of Protestantism. And they are nearly all most heartily responsive to any -ism which is advertised to solve all the troubles of the world, including those of our own dear nation. I call your attention to the history of the Millerites of southeast Indiana, with their certain date for the ending of the world and their serious and complete preparation for the same; the Spiritualists and free lovers who fixed themselves in northwestern Indiana, about Valparaiso, if I am not mistaken, and Mormon fashion ruled all others out; the something of soil magnetism which drew Robert Owen from Scotland to New Harmony and there produced that other attempt at solving all the ills to which the flesh is heir. Don't forget that the Dunkards—that curious variation of Mennonism—took root out here and flourished mightily for years, and exists to this day, as you know. Also the reformed Quakers. And now I hear that Christian Science and a Christianized form of Spiritualism are almost topmost in the matter of growth and the enthusiasm of their followers. I have no quarrel with any faith as a means to private mental blessedness. But you were speaking of universal and creative thought. Just how do you explain this?"

"Well, I can and I can't," was his rather enigmatic reply. "This is a most peculiar State. It may not be so dynamic nor yet so creative, sociologically, as it is fecund of things which relate to the spirit—or perhaps I had better say to poetry and the interpretative arts. How else do you explain William M. Chase, born here in Brookville, I believe, General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Edward Eggleston and his "Hoosier Schoolmaster," Booth Tarkington, George Ade, John Clark Ridpath, Roswell Smith, who founded the *Century Magazine*, and then Lincoln studying and dreaming down in Spencer County? All accidents? I wonder. In fact I am inclined to think that there is much more to soil and light in so far as temperament and genius are concerned than we have any idea of as yet. There may be, and personally I am inclined to think there is, a magnetic and also generative something appertaining to soil and light which is not unrelated to the electro-magnetic field of science in which so much takes place. I look upon them as potent and psycho-genetic even, capable of producing and actually productive of new and strange and valuable things in the way of human temperament. Take little Holland, for instance, and its amazing school of great painters. And Greece, with its unrivaled burst of genius. Or Italy, with its understanding of the arts. Or, England, with its genius for governing. There is something about the soil and light of certain regions that makes not only for individuality in the land but in the people of the land."

"For instance," he continued, "I insist that the Hoosier is different mentally and spiritually to the average American. He is softer, less sophisticated, more poetic and romantic. He dreams a lot. He likes to play in simple ways. He is not as grasping as some other Americans and some other nationalities. That may be due to the fact that he is not as practical, being as poetic and good natured as he is. If he be poor and uneducated he likes to fish and play an accordeon or sing. If he is better schooled he likes to read, write verse, maybe, or books, and dream. In a crude way, perhaps, he has the temperament of the artist, and so I still look to Indiana, or its children, at least, to do great things, artistically. And all this I lay to the soil and light. Why? I don't know. I just guess that they have something to do with it.

"Nothing else explains to me Edward Eggleston and his turning to letters at that early time and in the region from which he hailed—the extreme southeastern part of Indiana. Or General Lew Wallace writing "Ben Hur" there in Crawfordsville, under a beech tree. Neither will anything else explain to me why the first automobile this side of France was built right here at Kokomo, and almost at the same time that the first one was perfected in France. Nor why the first automobile course, after Brooklands, England, was built here at Indianapolis—not near New York or Chicago, as one might have expected, perhaps. Or why an adventurer like La Salle should come canoeing up the Maumee and the St. Joseph into this particular region. The French, who first had this territory, chose to fortify at Terre Haute and Vincennes. Why? They might just as well have fortified at other points beyond the present State borders.

"What I am trying to get at is this: Via such a soil and such light as is here cooperating you have a temperament more sensitive to the resource above mentioned. In the case of those who wandered in here, like La Salle and Lincoln, you have sensitives affected by the conditions here. Their dreams or aspirations were here strengthened. This is a region not unlike those which produce gold or fleet horses or oranges or adventurers. There are such regions. They are different. And I look upon Indiana as one such."

"Bravo!" I applauded. "Very flattering to dear old Indiana, to say the least, and as an honest native, and moved by self-interest, I hereby subscribe. But—" And then I went back to the churches, the hard-headed conventionalities, the fact that the "inventor" of the first automobile here was accused of robbing the French of their patents, that Robert Owen was a canny Scot who saw to it that he never lost a dollar in his idealistic enterprise but held the whole town of New Harmony and all that thereunto appertained in fee simple, so that when the idea proved groundless he was able to shoo all his assembled theorists off the place and sell it for what it would bring. But my friend was not in the least abashed. He reproached me with being incurably materialistic and clung to his soil and light theory, which, I may as well admit, appeals to me very much. His final rebuke to materialism was that human nature in toto is nothing but a manifestation of forces which unavoidably assume opposite phases, which same we label good or evil, but which really are found to be supplementing each other in any manifestation which can be labeled life. So you may see how far Indiana, with its temperament carried us.

But admiring and even revering the State as my native heath I am perfectly willing to admit all of his claims and even more of such as may be in its favor.

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Good Old Squirrel Cage

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE squirrel cage of national presidential political issues is turning at Washington with just about all of the good old standard stock squirrels in it and with many—if not most—of the recently intruded newcomers getting tired and dropping out or running slowly.

The proletarian revolution, which in 1917 and 1918 and 1919 seemed likely to become an extremely healthy and rapid squirrel by this time, is looking very thin and scrawny to the political eye and is running with a limp in every leg. Injections of propagandist arsenic and alarm by the American Defense Society and the United Mine Workers seem to do it little good. Labor as labor is occupying but a small place in the thoughts and plans of the gentlemen who are arranging the strategy of the campaign of 1924.

A minor exception to this rule is found at the spot where the new-fangled labor squirrel is seen treading on the toes of the good old-fashioned railroad-question squirrel which is running with all the energy and all the speed natural to an issue animated now by some fifty years of political experience in captivity. The labor problem in general has almost fallen out of the cage where the major parties chase their issues and their issues chase them. Railroad labor, however, through its adventitious association with the issue which most enrages the leaders of the "farm bloc" and of the "progressive group" is able to maintain a place among the minor worries of the political regulars and among the major hopes of the political guerrillas.

Railroad labor is relied upon to be the "town and tank-town" wing of agrarian radicalism in its fight upon the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law. In this alliance the farm is distinctly the senior partner and the locomotive the junior partner. Our pro-labor senators are virtually all of them from agrarian States. Railroad labor finds political cooperation with the Farmers' Union in Iowa easier than a political cooperation with the Plumbers' Union in Connecticut. The cornfields of Iowa give us that wooer of labor, Brookhart; and the machine shops of Connecticut give us that ignorer of labor, McLean.

In such circumstances the politicians are not much daunted by the specter of the solidarity of labor. They regard it as only a phantom squirrel. They are disturbed really only by Warren S. Stone and his colleagues among the leaders of labor on the railroads; and they are disturbed by them only as long as the farmers of certain Western States remain dissatisfied with farm-product prices and farm-product railroad rates.

Whenever farmers are angry, railroads are banged. That is the observation of the politicians. They will do little for labor as labor because labor as labor does politically little for itself. They put additional bridles on the railroads—or stick them full of additional pins—in precise proportion as the temper of the farmers seems to require it. The one ultimate large permanent dominant squirrel in American politics is the farmer, the Western farmer, when lean and hungry and accordingly in running trim.

The Democrats are hoping that in 1924 he will run in their livery. They intend to entice him most particularly by teaching their good old tariff squirrel to keep pace with his discontent. They have not forgotten that in 1892, upon the heels of the passage of the McKinley tariff law, Mr. Grover Cleveland of New York, on his way to the White House, acquired the electoral votes of Illinois and of Wisconsin and five of the electoral votes of Michigan. They are expending immense toil and trouble on the task of trying to make the Fordney-McCumber tariff law as unpopular among the farmers now as the McKinley law was then.

They are encouraged in this task by noting that Robert Marion La Follette voted against the Fordney-McCumber tariff law and was subsequently reelected to the Senate from Wisconsin by a majority of unprecedented size. They are further encouraged in it by noting that in Minnesota in the struggle against Mr. Magnus Johnson it was not thought wise by Governor Preus to give the Fordney-McCumber law any warm embraces in public.

In 1892 a third-party candidate—James B. Weaver of Iowa—running under the description "Populist"—got more than a million votes and carried four States. In 1924 the Populist Party of Weaver is succeeded by the Farmer-Labor Party of Henrik Shipstead and Magnus Johnson with the same mixed offerings of agrarian reformation, political progressivism, and labor sympathy. It is not doubted that certain of these offerings will translate themselves in certain ways into institutions to be established and venerated in the future. Such has been the fate of many of the offerings of the Populists. For immediate politics, however, the prospect of a Farmer-Labor third-party presidential candidacy in 1924 is regarded as an element in the fighting chances of the two old parties against each other rather than as an element gifted with any power to transform their policies.

The Republicans will defensively and soothingly praise Harding and Coolidge, just as in 1892 they defensively and soothingly praised Harrison. The Democrats, as their one important concession to novelty, will equip their tariff squirrel with a League of Nations tail.

Their advocacy of the League of Nations is subsiding to an advocacy of a vague participation in European affairs for the one specific visible and voluble great purpose of enlarging the market for farm products in Europe and of thus enlarging the prosperity of farmers in America. Peace as a motive is getting superseded by grain. A mandate to govern Armenia is getting displaced by a mandate to carry Minnesota.

The Republicans accordingly, just as aforetime, will attack the Democrats as economic internationalists and will praise themselves as economic patriots. Incidentally the Republicans will again undertake a special defense of centralized authority, as in the matter of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, while the Democrats, under pressure from such leaders as Al Smith of New York, will tend more distinctively toward a Jeffersonian defense of local self-government and of personal liberty.

Revolutionary economic ideas about a working-class state and revolutionary political ideas about a world-state are languishing in the Washington cage. The hardy veteran ideas of the elections of the last quarter of the nineteenth century are thriving. The imported squirrels are running like snails. The native squirrels, with a few patches of decorative imported fur on them, are running with all their old accustomed trained steadiness. America, my fellow-citizens, has collided with Europe and has veered off and is America—America—still.

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Poincaré: "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

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Oklahoma's Klan-Fighting Governor

By ALDRICH BLAKE*

IT is quiet at the Capitol. For several hours Governor Walton has been interviewing job-seekers. He sees them all personally; he would like to help them all. Suddenly the monotony is broken: "A committee from Henryetta, Governor."

Oklahoma's chief executive smiles graciously, rises and shakes hands with his visitors—a minister, the chief of police, and a prominent business man.

The committee begins its story. The people of Henryetta are being intimidated by the Klan. A number of outrages have occurred. One man has been killed. The circumstances were——

The Governor interrupts: "I have heard enough. Mob violence is going to cease in Oklahoma; within five minutes the order will be given to place Okmulgee County under martial law."

The committee is dazed. The press of Oklahoma, always hostile to Walton, howls its derision. The Governor's friends are alarmed. "Jack has made a mistake," they say.

Oklahomans are still talking about "Jack's mistakes." They will tell you they love him on account of the "mistakes he has made." In fact, this young Governor thrives on "mistakes." It is the Walton way—a tremendous decision in a flash, a terrifying attack on the enemy, a wallop that leaves friend and foe alike paralyzed by the impact. You can hit as hard as you like. There are no rules, Queensberry or other. It's "dog eat dog" when Walton sounds the tocsin.

It is so in the Klan war that now splits Oklahoma asunder and threatens to assume national proportions. Academic discussion long since has ceased. A young Jew with a police-court record is seized on the main thoroughfare of Tulsa, taken to the whipping pasture, and severely beaten. The troops are ordered to Tulsa. The Governor is deaf to the suggestion that an investigation first be made by the civil authorities. "Make them *feel* martial law in Tulsa," are his orders to the adjutant general, "Tulsa is rotten. There is no civil law there, only Klan law. Why waste time?"

The strategy of attempting a civil investigation first does not appeal to him. He jumps a cog, maybe two. It is his way. He leaps across the first- and second-line trenches and engages the enemy in hand-to-hand combat at the very walls of the citadel. And he has never lost a battle. Some say it's the daring of the man that has made him a political leader of such tremendous power; others state he is possessed of unerring intuition, that instinct serves him better than reason.

In any event, Governor Walton does not pretend to be a scholar in politics. He admits that he is not "learned." His enemies assert he has never read a "serious book" in his life. Perhaps so; but his friends are not shocked. Governor Walton has drawn richly from the experience of everyday life and contact with the "under dog." As a locomotive engineer and railroad conductor, he studied men. He loves the poor. If you are "down and out," see Walton —that's what they will tell you in Oklahoma. If he can help you he will do it and he won't ask your politics. Publicly, he is a Democrat, but there are scores of Socialists and Republicans on the State pay roll—put there by Walton.

Just now the Governor is engaged in his greatest battle. For two years Oklahoma had lived under a cloud—a thick mist behind which the Invisible Empire gave its orders to sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, jurors, and judges, ordered citizens flogged, threatened others, and instituted a business boycott against what they call the "alien world." The more timid leaders urged that the Klan be left alone, allowed to run its course. Meanwhile tens of thousands of citizens silently and sullenly submitted to a gradual encroachment upon their precious liberties.

Such a condition could not endure—not in Oklahoma where men value initiative, enterprise, and freedom. On August 14, Governor Walton sent the troops to Tulsa. In less than six weeks a Grand Dragon and a Titan have been put under arrest charged with rioting, four Klansmen have confessed to flogging a defenseless citizen and have been sentenced to two years each in the State penitentiary, many others have been bound over to the district court, the Invisible Empire has announced that all masked parades and meetings will be "deferred," and the fiery cross, which had brazenly burned in some cases from the tops of the courthouses, has been taken down and destroyed. Walton did it.

Personally Governor Walton is a most charming gentleman. A bitter foe becomes tractable in his presence. A woman with a couple of ragged children can win a pardon or parole for her husband quicker than the warmest political friend or the shrewdest lawyer. In fact, it is almost impossible for Governor Walton to resist the appeal of poverty, no matter what the request may be. Early in his administration he announced that all death sentences would be commuted during his term of office. A storm broke over him but he did not waver. And so again he braved public scorn when he wrote a letter urging President Harding to release the political war prisoners. "Here's the letter; now howl," he said to the reporters when making the communication public. And the papers howled. Another Walton "mistake."

His sympathy for the tenant farmers and wage-earners of the State is almost pathetic. "I cannot give them all jobs," he will say, "and political and industrial reforms are so slow. What can I do?" He has already given them warehouses, an anti-discrimination law, a first-class market commission, and legislation of inestimable value to the growing number of cooperative societies.

Governor Walton gets most of his amusement poking fun at Oklahoma's newspapers. In fact, he never fails to give the "corrupt press" credit for his political success. For years Walton has fought the newspapers and the newspapers have fought him, and Walton has always won.

By his enemies John Calloway Walton is regarded as a political adventurer, corrupt machine politician, hypocrite, and brainless tool in the hands of designing men who have crept into his councils; by his friends "Governor Jack" is hailed as the champion of political freedom and democracy, a two-fisted fighter after the style of Roosevelt and with a heart like the heart of Lincoln.

And so goes the battle in Oklahoma.

* Aldrich Blake is Executive Counselor to the Governor of Oklahoma, the highest appointive position in the State.

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In the Driftway

TWO oddly similar tales of shipwreck and suffering at sea have recently come to the Drifter's notice, one recounting the escape of four of the crew of the barque Amy Turner, the other telling the story of the survivors of the steamship Trevessa. The Drifter has seen only the barest outline of the loss of the Amy Turner, attracted to the story by a headline in an English newspaper, reading "23 Days in Open Boat." Now, three days in an open boat, unexpectedly, is usually an adventure worth the telling, and when you add twenty more days, you have the fabric of high romance. The only hint of what those twenty-three days were like, however, in the account which the Drifter read, was contained in one line which said: "Lack of food and water caused the greatest suffering to the crew." One may accept that statement without undue or elaborate argument.

* * * * *

PERHAPS some idea of what the four men experienced may be gathered from the log of the captain of the Trevessa, for he was also twenty-three days in an open boat in circumstances probably not greatly dissimilar. The Trevessa foundered in the Indian Ocean on June 4, last. S. O. S. signals were flashed from her before she went down, but although they were answered, assistance did not arrive in time. The crew had to take to the boats. All got away, one boat in command of the captain and the other under the chief mate. Each boat had a moderate amount of tinned milk and ship's biscuit, but a scanty supply of water. At first the boats kept together, but this proved too much of a handicap, losing them much time, especially at night. So on the sixth day the men in the captain's boat, which had the larger sail, wished their comrades the best of luck, gave them three cheers, and as the captain wrote in his log "shook the reef out, hoisted sail, and carried on," heading as best they could for the island of Mauritius.

* * * * *

THIRST and cold are perhaps the two things most to be feared in an open boat. Owing to their location, the men of the Trevessa suffered only slightly from cold; but the torture of thirst set in almost at once, as the skipper had to limit them to one-third of a cigarette tin of water a day, and did not begin on that until after forty-eight hours. The captain, however, was wise in methods for obtaining relief. On the fourth day out his log reads:

> Instructed men to lift sea water in handkerchiefs and draw water into nostrils and blow out again, and not to allow any to get back in the throat. Tried this with good results. Also to strip to the waist and swill with sea water. Rather cold; only a few tried.

Fortunately the morale of the crew was good. On the fifth day the skipper wrote: "Issued ration milk and biscuit, and were treated by McGreen (A.B.) to the following little song:

> "'I like ham and eggs,
> I like eggs and bacon.
> Anybody here says I don't like 'em,
> He is jolly well mistaken.'"

One's heart warms to McGreen (A.B.). Not great poetry nor remarkable song, you sniff. Ah, but the proof of poetry or song is in their effect. Thus judged, the Drifter surmises that McGreen (A.B.) deserves a niche among the immortals. On the eighth day, according to the captain:

> All recognize now the benefit especially of wetting head and neck and keeping them wet. All sucking small lumps of coal and buttons. The latter helps a little to keep our mouths clean. For some days all have had a horrible taste in the mouth, and the mouth and tongue thickly coated with white slime.

* * * * *

THE first death is entered laconically in the log of the seventeenth day: "3 a. m.: Jacob Ali died. 7 a. m.: Jacob Ali buried." Just that for one spent life.

* * * * *

ON the twenty-third day the carpenter sighted Rodriguez Island, and was rewarded with a whole cigarette tin of water. The chief mate's boat landed at Mauritius three days later. In all thirty-three men of a crew of forty-four survived the foundering of the Trevessa. Ten died in the boats and another shortly after reaching Mauritius.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

The Rest of West Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. James M. Cain's article in your number of June 27, West Virginia: A Mine-Field Melodrama, is very good as far as it goes, but it is much more the view of a newspaperman going in to "cover" an assignment on the distressing situation in the coal fields than a picture of West Virginia by one who really knows the State. Even though coal may be the dominant force in the industrial and commercial life of the State, a large portion of the population is not directly concerned with it.

The hills of the Alleghany Mountains through the eastern and western "Panhandles" and the central portion of the State are not, as Mr. Cain describes them, "striking in their bleak ugliness" and "hard and barren save for a scrubby whiskery growth of trees." They are low, gentle, peaceful, and friendly, carpeted with grass and daisies or covered with thick forests of pine, chestnut, maple, and ash. In them lives a quiet farmer population much like that of many other of these United States. In them are numerous busy little towns with their inevitable Main Streets like thousands of other towns but saved from the hideousness of Gopher Prairie by their very lovely natural surroundings.

Agriculture is important throughout the State. The lumber industry once thrived and is still important. Oil and gas, two important products of the State, are not mentioned by Mr. Cain. Around Wheeling is a flourishing iron and steel section. Glass factories dot the State. Coal may be king, but there are royal princes.

Nor are all West Virginians mountaineers. The men working in the mines in the Fairmont and Clarksburg coal section, and many in the southern counties, too, are Italians, Slovaks, or Austrians. I have lived for thirteen years in the central and northern parts of the State and I have yet to see my first mountaineer.

West Virginia has been known for years as the Switzerland of America, but the unpaved roads which become bogs of mud in rainy or snowy weather make the State almost impassable for tourists. Moreover farmers from the outlying agricultural regions find it impossible to get to town for shipping their

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produce and for laying in supplies. Therefore the $50,000,000 good roads appropriation is not "futile."

The State university on the beautiful Monongahela River with its more than 2,000 students should not be dismissed as giving "innocuous and pointless" courses because it has not been able to settle or prevent the coal war. If subjected to such a test where are the successful universities? Nor are the "summer camps for girls" and the "farmer's short courses," extension activities, the main work of an institution which is indeed to be praised highly for trying to build up a grade A university in what is after all a pioneer State. The University of West Virginia has much the same courses of study as any other State university and gives them with much the same degree of merit.

In short, though Mr. Cain's essay is admirable in the field it covers, it is a picture not of West Virginia but of one section of it—the sinister outstanding section, it is true, but still a part and not the whole.

Chicago, September 11 FRANCES KLEIN VINER

Books for Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I have space in *The Nation* to voice the plea of Dr. Hertha Krauss, at the recent conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, for reading matter for the people of Germany, where the intellectual hunger is as hard to bear as is the physical hunger?

Magazines, no matter how old, are urgently requested, reading matter for children, also scientific papers or books for people financially unable to buy such.

Packages may be sent to her address: Cologne, Germany, care Wohlfahrtsamt. Let them be sent right away and at intervals during the months to come!

New York, September 12 BLANCHE WATSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As professor of English literature and culture at the University of Königsberg I desire to foster here in East Prussia an understanding of American culture, but I cannot do much for lack of books and periodicals. The collapse of the mark raises a high wall not only around the industrial but also around the intellectual life of Germany. In the name of my students I should be very thankful if you could help me with some books or periodicals concerning present-day America. *The Nation* is kept here both at the university library and in our English seminar. We get it through the World Association for Adult Education. And it is a great consolation for a German heart to read so useful a guide to American culture. Chiefly I get the impression that American culture is now trying to abandon the exclusively utilitarian and materialistic point of view and to become more broad and liberal. I am very much interested, for instance, in the attitude of Mencken, Lewis, Sinclair; in the philosophical movement which goes under the name of the New Realism, as well as in the American labor movement. But you see, we have no book by any of these authors in our library and are obliged to depend on hints and occasional mention in short essays. We would be most grateful if you could help to break the wall around Germany.

Königsberg, Germany, September 1 G. HUEBENER

Nation Clubs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We who are earnest readers of *The Nation* well know that the present age is given over too much to the grossly material side of life, producing thereby a drab and soulless life, and tending to kill the intellectual part of human society, without which even Mr. Bryan couldn't perceive the differences between the man and the monkey. In a recent article in *The Nation*, Bertrand Russell goes as far as to suggest that he would rather see European civilization perish than to have the materialistic machine-age of America govern the people of Europe.

Knowing that Pittsburgh has many young men and women who are zealous readers of *The Nation*, I think that it would be a good idea to organize a club whose aim would be to further the progressive ideas brought out by the able writers of *The Nation*.

Young men and women of Pittsburgh, can we not be as interested in the vital things of life as the materialistic majority is interested in its trifles? I shall be glad to hear from those who are interested in forming such an organization.

215 Devilliers Street, Pittsburgh, August 27 BEN CHASS

Questions for Birth Controllers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 16, in discussing infant and maternal mortality rates, you say: "Only in regard to birth control do we show no signs of a modern scientific attitude." May I ask what is a modern scientific attitude as to birth control, "voluntary motherhood" as Margaret Sanger prefers to call it, or "voluntary parenthood" as Mary Ware Dennett puts the idea before the world with apparently some grudging recognition of the male as a factor in reproduction? In my opinion the most we can mean by "scientific attitude" in regard to "voluntary motherhood" is a patient willingness to keep on hopefully experimenting. That "voluntary motherhood" will cause some of the fundamental changes in racial or social conditions claimed by its advocates may be true; but nothing that these advocates have yet put forth in the way of facts proves that their contentions are founded on anything more than an earnest wish to see those conditions brought about.

"Voluntary motherhood" as a principle is very far from being generally applied the world over. But even if complete control were possible and were universal as a practice, no one (so far as I know) is in a position to say what its biological and social effects would be. Such little evidence as is at hand indicates, to my mind at least, that the world would decline considerably in population if propagation were left to a pure "parental instinct." That hard-headed sage of an earlier generation, William Graham Sumner, saw this clearly enough when he wrote in "Folkways" some twenty years ago:

> Children add to the weight of the struggle for existence of their parents. The relation of parent to child is one of sacrifice. The interests of parents and children are antagonistic. The fact that there are or may be compensations does not affect the primary relation between the two. It may well be believed that, if procreation had not been put under the dominion of a great passion, it would have been caused to cease by the burdens it entails.

"Voluntary motherhood" by contraception furnishes the conditions where the passion may be satisfied without entailing burdens, and hence we might confidently look for a tremendous decline in the birth-rate were this kind of knowledge universally available and the means at hand to use it.

From such data as are furnished by the birth-rate among American college women there is some slight ground to believe that population would diminish rapidly. It may be doubted if women with even a moderate amount of inborn intelligence are equipped with a sufficiently powerful and overwhelming "maternal instinct" (a term convenient but inexact) to make possible a perpetuation of present economic and cultural values under a system of "voluntary motherhood." At any rate I should like to see birth control advocates give us more explicit evidence to prove the point. As it is we are forced to believe that our present civilization is upheld in large measure by the careless and the "accidents." Perhaps it may never be otherwise. If so, it will be another illustration of the mystic saying of William Blake: "The Tigers of Wrath are wiser than the Horses of Instruction."

Portland, Oregon, May 26 H. C. DEKKER

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Books

The Process of Government

Legislative Procedure. By Robert Luce. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

The Leadership of Congress. By George Rothwell Brown. The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

"LAWMAKERS must themselves be governed by law, else they would in confusion worse confounded quickly come to grief." Therefore we have rules of procedure, a set of officials with symbols of authority wherewith to keep peace if not harmony in legislative assemblies, and, most important of all, the unofficial but no less effective sanctions imposed by party discipline.

To an analysis, explanation, criticism of these forces in "the art of governing by parties" Robert Luce, an able Congressman with a distinguished record in the Massachusetts Legislature and the Constitutional Convention of 1917-1918, has set himself. The first of four volumes on "the science of legislation" has appeared under the title "Legislative Procedure." It deals with "parliamentary practices and the course of business in the framing of statutes," and explores the history and present practice of procedure with extraordinary thoroughness. Take, for instance, Chapter III, which deals with "the beginning of business." There are references to the practice in this matter of Athens, England (Parliament in three different periods), France, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, and to both houses of Congress, four colonial and eleven State legislatures in this country. On the single question of time limits for the introduction of bills at the beginning of legislative sessions the rules of twenty-six State legislatures are noted. A similar variety of material is used in almost every chapter of the book. Nor is it all gathered from permanent records, or the pages of Hatsell or Hines, where procedural precedents have been preserved; Mr. Luce has gathered his store of incident and argument from the obscure and ephemeral literature of newspapers, magazines, and unrecorded speeches.

Besides tracing the intricacies of legislative mechanics, Mr. Luce devotes several chapters to the more elusive elements of party discipline and partisan control of procedure. Of the caucus, he says: "The most serious of the objections to caucus rule, from the viewpoint of political theory, is that it tends to shut out the minority from all share in legislation. That is the result toward which the Cabinet system of England marches and already its ominous cloud hangs over Congress, when now and then we see vital problems of the most serious import handled under special rules permitting preposterous limitations of debate. . . . That is why he who believes in free speech, in argument, in deliberation, may well question the wisdom of the caucus system."

It is no small achievement to make the explanation of the dry detail of legislative formalities interesting reading; Mr. Luce has succeeded in making a reference work in bulk and range an unusually exciting exploration of the mysteries of [illegible] and motions, filibusters and caucuses. Layman and [illegible]r alike will look eagerly for the succeeding volumes for [illegible]e first has set so high a standard.

[illegible]riticism may perhaps be leveled at Mr. Luce's work in those chapters which deal with the hidden things of partisan control of legislatures. He rarely goes behind the externals of the system; one could wish that he had, from his wide store of experience, brought forth a more searching interpretation in terms of psychology and sociology. It is something to be hoped for in a future volume.

If it be said that Mr. Luce has merely shown us the marionettes at work, Mr. Brown has in his "Leadership of Congress" given us a peep behind the scenes at the showman himself. For twenty years on the staff of the Washington *Post*, Mr. Brown has an intimate knowledge of the mechanics of congressional control, and a quick sense of the realities of partisanship on Capitol Hill.

Mr. Brown deals chiefly with the metamorphosis of the Speakership since the days of Clay. He paints in vivid colors the "revolution of 1910" and the successive depletions of the Speaker's power with the consequent dispersal and dimming of "visible" responsibility.

Out of this "obliteration" of the Speakership, since authority could not follow catastrophe into oblivion, there has evolved a curious partisan system of control, wielded not by individuals but by groups. While the exact organization of the steering committee and the choice of floor leader differ in the two parties, the purpose is the same, and the result. A small group of influential men, indirectly chosen through the party caucus, but often beyond its direct influence, or even defying it, are the wielders of power. They sit outside the formal organization of the House and operate it according to their will or whim. Nothing better indicates the change in relative significance among the intangible forces of party government than the fact that "on the invitation of Mr. Mondell, the Floor Leader, the Speaker, Mr. Gillett, was invited to attend the meetings of the (Republican) Steering Committee" in the 66th Congress.

In The Senate in Evolution Mr. Brown traces the development of "leadership" there, and the shattering of concentrated control by the impact of the agricultural bloc upon traditional ideas of party discipline. He considers that "the destruction of the party system and government by groups would be contrary to basic principles of American government." Whether one believes with Henry Jones Ford in the two-party system as the cornerstone of our political system and the fount of political virtue, or with Ostrogorski in his analysis of its breakdown in practice, depends on one's sectional and other social traditions, but it would be hard to convince "the richest man in Kansas" that he is a socialist, and we do not generally put anarchists on the Federal bench. Perhaps we are erecting a shibboleth into a symbol when we indict the emergence of political realities under the leadership of Senator Capper and Judge Kenyon.

PHILLIPS BRADLEY

Some Editorial Reminiscences

From McKinley to Harding. By H. H. Kohlsaat. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

People and Politics: Observed by a Massachusetts Editor. By Solomon Buckley Griffin. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

MUCH fun has been poked at this book of reminiscences by Herman Kohlsaat, one of the very finest examples of the now passing type of proprietor and editor we have had. Some have felt that it was a case of "Me and the President," with the particular President it might happen to be acting solely on Mr. Kohlsaat's advice and suggestion. Since these are avowedly random recollections of his friendships with the presidents of latter years, it is but natural that Mr. Kohlsaat should have dwelt upon his personal relations with them and emphasized the successes he achieved thereby. That it is all tinged with a harmless vanity is unquestionably true; but the fact is that editors in America have influenced politicians behind the scenes to no little degree. Even those who differed politically from Mr. Kohlsaat, particularly in his adoration of McKinley (whom he and Mark Hanna and others helped to foist upon the American people by paying his debts as governor and thereby creating such an obligation as, whether utilized or not, no president should suffer), have admired Mr. Kohlsaat's unselfishness, his refusal to take office, and his genuine desire to serve the country according to his best light. There are no deep or weighty judgments to be found in this volume, but many sidelights upon happenings which the historian of the period under considera-

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tion will have to take note of. Mr. Kohlsaat writes very frankly and correctly about a number of lesser personages than presidents, though chiefly of the latter. His book will not appeal to the society which has been formed for the glorification of Theodore Roosevelt and the professional extolling of his virtues, for Mr. Kohlsaat puts on record some of the falsehoods which, as every informed newspaperman knows, Mr. Roosevelt was constantly guilty of perpetrating. Particularly interesting is the light thrown by Mr. Kohlsaat upon the breaches between Taft and Roosevelt, and Wilson and Colonel House—the two warmest friendships in our recent political history, both of which ended abruptly.

Mr. Griffin's volume is much more solid, but not of greater historical value. It is disappointing in that he does not give us more of a picture of the inside workings of the Springfield *Republican,* that remarkable newspaper to which the senior and junior Bowles brought such high character, superb Americanism, and true idealism. It would have been extremely valuable for students of journalism if Mr. Griffin had omitted some of his recollections of local political worthies and devoted several chapters at least to a longer portrayal of the inner life of a great newspaper. Particularly scanty seem to us the references to the younger Bowles, to whom, however, Mr. Griffin pays in a short space a glowing and well-deserved tribute. For the fraternity it would have been interesting, too, to have Mr. Griffin's reflections upon the more recent decadence of what is still, in many respects, the foremost New England newspaper. In the cleanliness of its columns and in service to its locality it is one of our best American dailies, though without that noble internationalism, that breadth of spirit and mugwump idealism, which once made it the inspiration of liberals and anti-imperialists the country over. For the rest, Mr. Griffin's comments upon presidents and governors and other politicians are worth having, though there is nothing new or startling or original in his judgments, or in his presentation of many striking happenings. He, too, is aware of the glaring exceptions Mr. Roosevelt made in his application of the doctrine of the square deal, and he explains them as "due to temperamental intensities." For the late Senator William Murray Crane Mr. Griffin has a tremendous admiration which is shared by many who knew and loved the Senator personally, but there is a sad lack of discrimination between Crane the man and Crane the politician. For the local Massachusetts historian Mr. Griffin's estimate of Massachusetts governors will have some but not great value.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

America and Asia

Americans in Eastern Asia. A Critical Study of the Policy of the United States with Reference to China, Japan, and Korea in the 19th Century. By Tyler Dennett. The Macmillan Company. $5.

EVEN if there may be some disagreement concerning the interpretation by Tyler Dennett of the events that had taken place in the Far East during the last century, one has to admit that the wealth of historical data contained in his most recent book testifies to indefatigable industry and zealous accurateness which turn the balance in his favor. Praise is due him not only because the field he covers is immense but also because he forces his way through the iron doors of diplomatic secrecy and presents to the American public a clear survey of the American relations with the Far East. The author distinguishes between two concurrent, but at the same time antipodal policies in the dealings of America with Asia. One of them can be described as resting on moral coercion while the other one is footing on a more or less cleverly veiled material coercion, or, at least, on its demonstration performed with an intimidating purpose.

The representative man of the first policy in America's Far Eastern relations was Caleb Cushing, pioneer, and father of the policy of the "open door." His idea of keeping the Chinese Empire intact in face of the aggressiveness of the European Powers was upheld by Humphrey Marshall and Anson Burlingame, two outstanding figures in the Far East who in their zeal to preserve the unity of China were chiefly responsible for the failure of the Taiping Rebellion, the greatest democratic movement of the East in the nineteenth century, coated in an unseemly religious bigotry. The policy of material coercion found its energetic advocate in Commodore Perry, who opened up Japan for the Western Powers. Perry dreamed of an unchallenged American supremacy in the Pacific region achieved by sheer force of arms. Dr. Peter Parker, the only American minister to China who spoke the language of the country, went even farther than dreaming when he submitted his plan to the Department of State for the occupation of Formosa. The distance between his policy and that of William H. Seward, Secretary of State at that time, was only one step but this one step is called common sense. In principle Seward was an adherent of the "gun-boat policy." He warned Japan that "the policy of forbearance and encouragement which the treaty Powers have hitherto practiced in Japan shall be reversed."

To understand the language used by Seward which seems so antiquated today it must be borne in mind that this was the time when, according to a report of Townsend Harris, France, in concert with Great Britain, was seriously contemplating the partition of Japan. The island empire was at that time in the fetters of the treaties of the Western Powers granting extraterritoriality to their nationals and reducing Japan in many other respects as well to the status of a slave state. The same double-faced policy made its appearance when McKinley and John Hay had charge of the American foreign affairs. McKinley went so far as to suggest the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire while John Hay became the champion of the territorial integrity of China. With masterly skill he managed to "keep the door open" in the most troublous times without resort to either force or alliance.

The question of a cooperative policy of the American administrations with the European Powers in the affairs of the Far East is another broadly discussed problem. Proceeding from event to event Mr. Dennett points out the absence or presence of cooperation with an apparent sympathy for the latter and thus tries to reach conclusions and to explain symptoms for which—in the opinion of many of his readers—it would be difficult to find any other satisfactory justification. The annexation of Hawaii and of the Philippines as a necessarily resulting natural consequence of the lack of cooperation is one of the many instances which might be cited here.

In addition to this main narrative there are episodes in the book which prove not inferior in dramatic value to the most popular "thrillers." Here is the account of the breathless struggle of Japan for recognition. After their "discovery" by Commodore Perry, the Japanese had no greater ambition than to be treated by the Powers as the equals of the Chinese. And, lo! in a marvelously short time they are sitting at the table of the white man treated as his equal.

The struggle of the Chinese against the white opium trader is another dramatic piece of the book. The Chinese protested against the import of opium, but the white opium dealer came, backed up by men-of-war and cannon, and loudly proclaimed his inalienable human right to do business wherever he chooses, even if it meant the miserable death of hundreds of thousands. The regulation by America of the Asiatic immigration, deprecated by Dennett, is commented upon as being the only problem in connection with the Far East in the solution of which the American Congress took the initiative. A picturesque description of the Boxer Insurrection and of the events that followed it heighten the value of the book as an interesting contribution to a rather dry topic.

Summing up the results of his investigation, Dennett finds that the fundamental principle of the United States in its relations with the Far East can be condensed in a short sentence:

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"The American government demands most-favored-nation treatment." Unlike the European governments, insists the author, the United States wanted a strong East. The question was whether the United States should follow an isolated or cooperative policy to secure the open door. Dennett finds that the isolated policy is necessarily belligerent. It would inevitably lead the United States into a conflict not only with the European Powers but also with the Asiatic states, although, in the opinion of the author, the probability of such a conflict in the near future had been lessened by the agreements of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments and the Problems of the Pacific.

EMIL LENGYEL

Honest Pastorals

The Village. By Ivan Bunin. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Sentry and Other Stories. By Nicolai Lyeskov. Translated by A. E. Chamot. With an Introduction by Edward Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Left Leg. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is the same thing and yet it is always different. Every book from Russia is another document demonstrating the viciousness of Czarist rule; it is additional evidence of the tortures suffered by the people under that medieval and oriental autocracy; it is a new indictment on fresh counts; it is both explanation and vindication for the excesses of the revolution. This time we view the unbelievable poverty, bestiality, and abnormality of Russian life through even stronger glasses.

I find these two Russian volumes singularly supplementary; together they furnish an all-inclusive description of cause and effect in the existence of Russia's millions. The novel confines itself to the village and its mujiks. In its pages we are given the very essence of "Holy Russia." Here and there are overtones in which we hear faint sounds from city and church, prison and palace, but no official, no stranger, appears on the scene. None but sylvan characters act in this pastoral, and the villain of the piece is never seen. For here tragedy comes from the fact that the village is a perfect product of stupid governmental oppression exercised on a primitive folk.

Gorki has recently pointed out that the Russian revels in a diabolic cruelty and that Ivan Bunin's novels disclose this quality in the peasants' daily relationships. In this respect "The Village" is undoubtedly the most significant of these novels. Kuzma, its *raisonneur*, makes cruelty his theme and his key to the interpretation of the mujik. "Just think it over: is there any nation more ferocious than ours? In town, if a petty thief snatches from a hawker's tray a pancake worth a farthing, the whole population of the eating-house section pursues him, and when they catch him they force him to eat soap. The whole town turns out for a fire, or a fight, and how sorry they are that the fire or the fight is soon ended! . . . And how they revel in it when some one beats his wife to death, or thrashes a small boy within an inch of his life, or jeers at him! That's the most amusing thing in the world." It is the cruelty of those who neither value their lives nor respect their persons.

Lyeskov shows why. He shows the martinet army which demands that the soldier divest himself of reason and pity. He presents Russia during the days of serfdom—drunken, ignorant autocrats madly tormenting thousands of helpless beings. He tears away the cloak of holiness from the church showing its bureaucracy, stupidity, and worldliness. He depicts, in short, the background, the institutions, and the machinery whereby Russia has dehumanized her peasantry. Let none get the impression that these stories are less interesting as fiction because they contain so much of truth. Quite the contrary! The four tales in this volume are equal to the best of Chekhov or Turgenev, and they are better rendered into English.

Mr. Chamot has achieved a remarkable translation. It is smooth and compact and, in addition to being good English, it brings back a tang of the Russian. Miss Hapgood's work, though it carries on the spirit of the original, is technically less admirable in that it is often far-fetched and almost always verbose. The quality of Bunin's prose is more nearly approached in the volume "The Gentleman from San Francisco." There, too, in the title story one has a basis for comparison with our own detached short-story writers. M. Bunin is more delicate, more ironic, and also more macabre.

Both he and Lyeskov treat a spade as an unadorned farm implement. Mr. Powys ties ribbons around it and puts it in the hands of a fool to use as a baton for some weird, cacophonous troll-danse. That's his manner of escaping brutal and ugly realities. For he, too, has found the harsh and the bestial in peasant life. His Dorset villagers are no more idealized than Ivan Bunin's mujiks though they are fantastically garbed. Their cupidity and ambition, passion and cruelty are real enough, but the characters themselves flap like scarecrows in the wind, dancing an awkward jig. The trick works, for it is hard to associate tragedy with the carnival spirit of a masquerade.

At times it is more than a trick. There is an individual charm and piquancy in the imagery and in the cast of expression; occasionally there is great beauty. On the other hand, Mr. Powys's mannerism is often confusing and, after a space, becomes monotonous. His country themes are kin to Mr. Hardy's treatment of rural life. He might well emulate the master's strong simplicity. At present—in contrast to both Russian authors—he is worth reading for what he has to say rather than for the way he says it.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Christian History

A Short History of Christianity. By Salomon Reinach. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

LIKE the compiler of an anthology, the writer of a "short history" can hope to satisfy but few. His sense of selection is so bound up with his own personality and point of view that there will always be found good grounds for caviling at the relative value of the facts which he includes in his résumé and those which he omits from it. And this is particularly true of theological history. Therefore, despite the structural shortcomings of Dr. Reinach's "Short History of Christianity," it is no difficult matter to accept a *nolle prosequi* at the outset. But it may still be necessary to insist that what he has given us is not a history of the Christian *religion*, as one might expect from the learned author of "Orpheus," but a history of the Christian *church*. Only in spots does he deal with the religion of Christendom, as distinguished from the organized forms of its worship and the dogmas of its creed. As a brief history of these his book is interesting, serviceable, and at times significant on its own ground. The first of its five chapters is an adequate and dependable presentation not only of the recoverable facts of Christian origins but also of the valid interpretations of those facts which commend themselves to that higher criticism so little understood by the average "counsel for creeds." A reading of the second chapter will make any average outsider realize how hard a task it is to tell, from the point of view of dogma, what Christianity really is.

The story which Dr. Reinach re-tells covers nineteen centuries, and it was to be expected that the wealth of source-material alone between the Reformation and our own day should make his account of that period seem sketchy and fragmentary. The task of marshaling the materials selected without losing perspective is a difficult one at best. Yet it has been done; e. g., by the late George Park Fisher in his "Short History of the Christian Church." Dr. Reinach's gifts would seem to appear to better advantage when exhibited on a higher level of

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scholarship. It is a far cry from "Le Mirage Oriental," or even from "Orpheus," to this barely respectable performance, in which a reputable scholar prunes his talents to the proportions of a popular handbook.

In the days of Buffon it was perhaps excusable for a naturalist to trim his evolutionary interpretations to the gusts of popular passion. But such a procedure on the part of a scholar in our day deserves condemnation. It is to be regretted that Dr. Reinach has seen fit to throw dust in the eyes of the educated mob by his post-mortem praises of a Christianity whose historical origins and supports he has so carefully undermined. The militant skeptic and the ruffling apologetic have driven many of us to turn our backs on both with "a plague on both your houses!" But even we are somewhat non-plussed at the easy virtue of Reinach's preface, wherein he maintains that "Christianity . . . has taught and teaches the only moral lessons accessible to everyone." And he repeats this sort of thing in the first and last chapters, in the face of Asiatic Buddhism of the present and Mithraism of the past. Certainly these are singular pronouncements to come from an historian of religions, and we look askance at this suspicious terminal glorification of a creed which he has just torpedoed. But perhaps it is well that a history of Christianity should give us furiously to think; and this book of Dr. Reinach does accomplish that very desirable end.

HUBERT HARRISON

Castile's Darkest Hour

Le Roi Sauvage. Par J. Lucas-Dubreton. Paris: Librairie Académique Perrin.

SOME ten years ago M. Lucas-Dubreton published a study of sixteenth-century Florence, under the title "La Disgrâce de Nicolas Machiavel." The volume, which was unique in the vividness with which it reconstituted an epoch about one of its commanding characters, was favorably received and was crowned by the French Academy. Now the historian has done a similar service for the Castile of the middle fifteenth century. The random, baffled life of poor Henry the Impotent is here only the occasion for a study of Henry's country and his countrymen. If Henry IV had one constant passion it was his love for the somber hill-city of Segovia; and the first and best chapter of M. Lucas-Dubreton's book is a lively description of the city and the region, every corner of which the conscientious author has explored. He has been so caught by the desolate charm of Castile and the gloomy fascination of the period that he has written an absorbing book, if not a cheerful one. The title-page carries for a motto the comment on poor Henry's musical turn, "Tout chant triste le délectait," and the author remarks as he leads his reader along the dreary way from Burgos to Toledo: "L'histoire d'un peuple, ce sont les phases de ses maladies."

This study in folly and misery has no place for Henry's vigorous half-sister and successor, Isabella, or her shrewd and enterprising husband, Ferdinand of Aragon. They appear occasionally in the last pages, but M. Lucas-Dubreton has set himself to deal for the most part with brutality, wantonness, decay, and failure. His period is the dark hour before the dawn, and he only hints at the relief which is coming. He does, however, leave the reader with a kinder feeling toward Henry than one gets from the summary estimates of him in most of the histories. This unclean and futile idler-monarch was not, it appears, wholly bad after all. His tolerance for Jews and Moors was the fruit of a kind heart and not simply of perversity; and most of the misdeeds of his reign were the misdeeds of unscrupulous favorites who molded him like wax. If it is true that Isabella and her clever consort poisoned him, they did Spain a service; but we can feel more sympathy for him, perhaps, than if M. Lucas-Dubreton had not called our attention to his amiable qualities.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

William Hemminge's Elegy on Randolph's Finger, Containing the Well-Known Lines on the Time-Poets. Now first published with an Introduction and Notes by G. C. Moore Smith. D. Appleton and Company. $1.

An amusing excursion into a very small corner of seventeenth-century English poetry. Thomas Randolph lost his little finger about 1630, and this was the subject of some clever versifying by him and his young contemporaries. Hemminge's poem of 268 lines is very bad, but it contains many interesting references to living writers. A portion of it has been known for years.

Ein Zweig vom Schlehdorn. Irische Dichtungen ausgewählt und übertragen von Hans Trausil. Mit einer Einleitung von Padraic Colum. München-Pasing. Roland-Verlag.

In this most interesting and significant little book Ireland introduces herself to Germany through her ablest spokesmen, the ancient Gaelic bards and the poets of the modern Renaissance, the latter including Yeats, A. E., Dora Sigerson, Pearse, MacDonagh, and Mr. Colum himself.

The Principles of English Metre. By Egerton Smith. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

A wise and liberal treatment of the claims now of regularity and now of variety in verse. But its three hundred pages only add to the thousands now being produced in England upon issues which are almost purely the creation of metrical theorists, and which, if they mattered, could be settled in a minute by a poet.

A Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt Whitman, with a Supplement of Fifty Books About Whitman. By Carolyn Wells and Alfred F. Goldsmith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Convenient as far as it goes, and useful for what it pretends to be, a check-list for collectors and librarians. An exhaustive bibliography continues to be desired, not only of the various editions of "Leaves of Grass" but of the books and articles written about Whitman, so that his influence can for once be estimated.

Proserpine and Midas. Two Mythological Dramas by Mary Shelley. Edited with Introduction by A. Koszul. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Verse plays of little interest other than as they are connected with the life of a remarkable woman. Four lyrics by Shelley appear here for the first time in their original setting.

Drama

First Fruits

THOSE who want plays of native authorship will be consoled by several successive recent openings; those who want good plays will not be quite so happy in their minds. For these American playwrights seem to be primarily "fellows whom it hurts to think." Yet they are somehow aware of the necessity of thinking in art; they do not want to be or to be thought quite frivolous and empty. So they go through the gestures of having reflected on life as well as observed it. But the gesture is false and the dramatic reasoning obviously specious, and in the conscience of Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, at least, there must be, however smothered and disregarded, a little aching core of discomfort and regret.

Mr. Dodd's play, "The Changelings" (Henry Miller's Theater), is brilliantly cast. But it is more than a personal impression that neither Blanche Bates nor Henry Miller nor Ruth Chatterton nor the admirable Laura Hope Crews had either their accustomed elegance or fire. In spite of the wit and verve

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of not a few passages, the play lacks essential life. It lacks such life on purpose. Mr. Dodd dramatizes the conflict of moral concepts—the method of the great playwrights from Euripides to Shaw. But he takes as his motto the saying of Talleyrand: "Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose." Now that weary and unveracious cynicism is the flat denial of the drama of moral concepts. For it is change in the moral world which makes that drama dramatic. In a perfectly static moral world there would be no stuff for drama. Since Mr. Dodd is a scholar I point out to him those memorable essays of Hebbel in which it is explained that great drama arises at the precise periods when one order of moral concepts is beginning gradually to yield to another. No, this is not breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. Mr. Dodd is a gifted man of letters. His structure and texture are accomplished. At the end of his play the starched and ermined resisters of change will go away comforted: "Aha, I always said, didn't I, that all this talk about freedom and flexibility and a new cleanness and abundance of life was only the babble of parlor Bolsheviks and silly Bohemians. Naw, human nature doesn't change, and so long as it doesn't—well, what was good enough for my ancestors is good enough for me. We'll just put down these people who want to be indecent and call their indecency by highfalutin names." That not only will happen; it has happened. So I am afraid that I must, strictly speaking, call Mr. Dodd's play an immoral one.

"The Lullaby" (Knickerbocker Theater), by Mr. Edward Knoblock, would need no mention save for its author's reputation. It is unbelievably meretricious and rancid. The scene is laid in France. But not in any country that exists under the sky. It is the France of Georges Ohnet. But to compare "The Lullaby" to the works of Ohnet—even that is doing it too much honor. It is one of the half-dozen worst plays in the world. Whoever has any kindness for Mr. Knoblock will try to forget it. Miss Florence Reed has versatility and power. Both are wasted here.

Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman's "Chains" (The Playhouse) is the best of these American plays. It is neatly written; it is honest; it is intelligent. It is the reverse of original. Mr. Goodman must remember that famous or, at least, once famous Magda Schwartze who, though she had a child, would not let her father force her to become an "honest woman," but preferred to remain a self-sustaining and honorable one. He must also remember a certain young person named Violet who appears and very formidably states her case in the first act of "Man and Superman." His restatement of the case in the terms of contemporary American life, however, has freshness and sincerity. You can tell that here is no dry imitation but that the case and its significance have been a real inner experience to Mr. Goodman. The result is that "Chains" is palatable to the intelligent and likely to be helpful to those whose ambition it is to be intelligent. A very engaging performance is given by Miss Helen Gahagen and others scarcely less agreeable by Miss Katherine Alexander and Mr. Gilbert Emery. A play almost equally praiseworthy in intention is "Peter Weston" (Sam H. Harris Theater), by Frank Dazey and Leighton Osmun. But its idea is worked out in terms of quite scandalous melodrama which not even the excellent acting of Frank Keenan can render credible.

I feel it a matter of duty and justice to call attention to the production of "Sabatai Zevi" at the Jewish Art Theater. The play, based upon a half legendary, half historical event in the post-exilic history of Israel, is hardly of the first order. The production by Mr. Maurice Schwartz and all his associates, down to the humblest super, has a splendor, a nobility, harmony, power, and expressiveness that it would be hard to praise too highly. Those who took such delight and such just delight in the Moscow Players' production of "Czar Fyodor" should pay a visit to the Garden Theater.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Japan and the United States

THE following open letter and its inclosure, sent by Viscount Shibusawa to friends in the United States, expresses the attitude of liberal Japanese toward American-Japanese relations. Viscount Shibusawa, who is now eighty-three years old, is Japan's leading merchant, and one of her wisest and most prominent publicists.

More than a year has now passed since the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament. Many considerations render it desirable that the peoples of our two countries should take stock of what has already been accomplished and what remains to be done in achieving the desire of the great majority of us on both sides of the Pacific, that the best possible understanding and even the kindliest feelings shall prevail and continue indefinitely.

I inclose a statement in regard to the present situation, just issued by the Japanese-American Relations Committee of Tokio, in which I am sure you will be interested. And I am also venturing to write you somewhat fully on this matter, in order that you may know quite accurately what we on this side of the Pacific are thinking. . . .

That our countries have entered into new relations of a highly hopeful character can be disputed only by those who have not sufficient knowledge to appreciate what has been done and by those who are determined, for reasons of prejudice or personal interest, to promote suspicions and distrust. It is obvious that whatever militaristic disposition prevailed in Japan has definitely and irrevocably passed, and it is equally clear that the intentions of the United States to take advantage of her power and create an overwhelming navy are no longer to be regarded as a potential menace to us.

These are both causes of great and widespread relief to the Japanese people; and it would now be impossible to revive the old condition, with its concomitants of anxiety and resentment toward the United States and the anticipation of possible conflict between us. . . .

It may be even that a great entente, better in its mutually free understanding than in any binding commitment, has developed among the greater naval Powers of the world. That is a great and incalculable stride forward toward permanent peace, at least upon the seas. It is a basis upon which we can build new and nobler things, truer to the purposes of God and of enlightened human beings.

As far as Japan is concerned a great load has been lifted from our hearts, and we are turning with new vigor to the solution of pressing social, economic, and industrial problems. Already, though the naval treaty is not yet fully ratified, we have been relieved to the extent of more than $58,000,000 in the appropriations for a single year for our naval budget; such is the reduction of 1923 below that of 1922. A relief of similar and possibly greater sums, which might otherwise have been spent, can be expected for as many years as the naval agreement lasts. Likewise due to the understandings that have been reached, though not required by their terms, we have reduced our military force and have thereby saved many million dollars more; and this again is only the savings of the first year.

As a result of this notable relief, our Government has been able to add $15,000,000 to our annual national grant to the prefectures for the promotion of primary education. And, as an indication of the spirit that has come over us as a result of the relief, I might cite the significant fact that our Government intends to set aside as a permanent fund the remaining $22,000,000, due us from China in the Boxer indemnity, together with $10,200,000 from the payments on the Shantung railway and other properties and received in Shantung for the development of educational, medical, and other institutions that are so sadly needed in that unfortunate country and for the support of Chinese students in Japan. I may add that it is our hope that this and similar acts of consideration for our afflicted neighbor will, in the course of time, remove whatever suspicions may prevail that we harbor territorial or political designs that are incompatible with China's independence or integrity.

I am gratified to say that a great step forward has been made already in reassuring the Chinese, for, as is well known, the small garrison that we maintained at Hankow, about one thousand men, was withdrawn from that port last summer; in the autumn the 2,500 troops that we had in Shantung were all brought back to Japan; and northern Manchuria was evacuated by the thousand or more that we had stationed there. Meantime, the Japanese and Chinese delegations that met at Peking in the summer and autumn succeeded in agreeing upon terms for the transfer of the Tsingtao Tsinan-fu Railway to Chinese authority, and the port of Kiaochow was handed over in due course to Chinese administration; by January first all of the Japanese post offices in China proper were closed; and the new customs tariff, providing an effective 5 per cent, as agreed upon in Washington, was put into effect. In October of last year the garrison that we had been maintaining in and around Vladivostok was also brought home, leaving no further Japanese forces in Siberia. Our Government, moreover, has stated that it is also its intention, at the proper time, to withdraw the force that now occupies the northern half of Sakhalin Island.

Unless the will and spirit of the people supported the policies of the Government, it would have been impossible for such definite actions to have taken place, and it is, therefore, evident that whatever Government may come into power, there will be no radical change or retrogression from this far-seeing policy. . . .

With this basis of peace and security assured, we ought to be able to work out the minor difficulties and disagreements that exist between our two countries. To do this, patience and a consideration each for the other's point of view are essential. It is natural that some irritation and suspicion will continue to exist among some of our people, for we hear constantly of proposals for the increase of fortifications and naval accommodations in Hawaii, calling for the expenditure of scores of millions of dollar; we are informed of efforts to obtain appropriations for great naval bases in California; and we are even told that suggestions to fortify Guam, in spite of the Washington agreement, are made by men of some standing. Serious and well-informed Japanese, of course, realize that no American Government can view such proposals as in any sense necessary. Nevertheless, the discussions of such needless projects by American newspapers and politicians naturally create a certain measure of distrust in our country.

Is it not natural that our people are also deeply disturbed by reports from the United States of fresh plans for State legislation essentially humiliating to our race, proposals, for instance, to deny to American-born children of Japanese parentage the right to American citizenship, and proposals to rescind citizenship papers already given to Japanese young men who served in the American army during the Great War, citizenship which they secured, along with tens of thousands of young men of other nations who volunteered to meet the call of the President of the United States to serve the cause of America and the Allies in Europe? We Japanese find it difficult to understand such proposals. They seem carping and mean and not in keeping with the character that we have come to respect as American.

We find it difficult, moreover, to understand the persistence of the anti-Japanese agitation. In recognition of the desires of certain Western States for the limitation of Japanese labor immigration, the Japanese Government entered into what is

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called the Gentlemen's Agreement, which got into full operation by the summer of 1908 and by which, since that date, all such immigration to the United States has been effectively stopped.

Our Government has been administering the agreement with scrupulous care and fidelity. As a result of all this, Japanese males in America (including Hawaii) have actually decreased in number by nearly 20,000 since the summer of 1908. In order that no charge could be launched fairly against us, we have even restricted emigration to Mexico. It is, therefore, hard for us to understand the recent proposal to annul that agreement by a mere act of Congress, without conference with our Government, and, therefore, in a manner unusually arbitrary in the customary dealings between nations. Not unnaturally we regard such proposals as unfair and unfriendly and would consider the enactment of such a law as a decidedly wanton affront. For, if in any respect adjustments in the Gentlemen's Agreement are desired, it will not be difficult to secure them by friendly conference.

In order that there shall be no possible apprehension in America in regard to the nature of our ideas and desires, let me assure all Americans that we have no thought of asking for our labor people any privileges of free immigration to the United States. We distinguish quite clearly between the questions of immigration and those of discriminatory legislation against Japanese already lawfully residing in your country. Your discriminatory legislation seems to us to be contrary to the principles of humanity and of the great Christian faith which so many of you profess. We ask for nothing from the people and Government of the United States, in their dealings with members of our race in your land, except that which is fair and honorable. We seek no special privileges or favors. We ask only, and we ask earnestly, that nothing be done in respect to our people that is essentially humiliating to them, nothing that discriminates between them and other races in the United States merely on the ground of color or difference of facial contour and expression.

It may not be amiss to state in this connection that since the adoption by Japan, in the last half of the last century, of the main principles of Occidental government, we have no discriminatory laws based on differences of race or nationality or religion. This principle we learned from the West, chiefly from your own country. Americans in Japan enjoy the same privileges and rights of land-ownership, naturalization, and everything else that we grant to individuals of any other nation or race.

It may be also well for me to state in the clearest terms that we do not have the least objection to the deportation of individual Japanese who are found to be unlawfully in the United States; nor do we object to the rejection of Japanese travelers who may be lawless or who do not conform to general standards of moral character, literacy, and the like, such as are applied generally to all travelers from every race and people. But I think you will easily understand why we as Japanese cannot but resent proposals and laws that discriminate against Japanese merely as Japanese, regardless of their individual and personal qualifications. . . .

Our Tokio Committee on Japanese-American Relations has been doing all that is possible to promote mutual understanding, appreciation, and good-will; but so long as anti-Japanese legislation and unfair discrimination is constantly reported from your Western States, it is very difficult for us to eradicate the feelings of irritation that exist among a people of sensitive disposition and of natural pride in their own achievement in culture and civilization

It has long seemed to us on the committee that a Joint High Commission appointed by our two governments for the thorough study of all questions tending to complicate and irritate our mutual relations might well be established. It would seem as though such a commission could throw much light on the facts, and give, each side to the other, the information that is evidently needed; and the commission might ultimately find a thoroughgoing solution for the various questions that are now the causes of frequent agitation and more or less of irritation.

Again let me say that in case the present Gentlemen's Agreement is not, in the judgment of the American Government, working satisfactorily, I am confident that our Japanese Government would be more than ready to confer upon the matter with a view to mutually satisfactory adjustments. This would seem to be the gentlemanly way of securing the desired changes, rather than by *ex parte* legislation. The recent Washington Conference has taught us how to settle difficult international questions.

I am venturing to write thus frankly because of my earnest desire to promote the mutual friendship and good-will of our two countries and to place our relations on such a basis of mutual consideration and appreciation that all difficulties may be effectively and completely removed.

Tokio EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

The statement of the Japanese-American Relations Committee, mentioned by Viscount Shibusawa in his open letter, follows:

The Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament constituted a happy turning-point in the relations of Japan and America. Dark clouds were rolled away from our common horizon and a great load of anxiety was removed from our hearts. A new era of mutual good-will and confidence has begun which we trust may ever remain unbroken.

There is, however, one remaining matter that threatens our future friendship, the matter, namely, of the treatment of Japanese residents in the United States. The early and mutually satisfactory solution of this question is an urgent necessity. The Tokio Committee on Japanese-American Relations, availing itself of the friendly attitude now existing as a result of the Washington Conference, ventures to make the following statement and to suggest a definite plan looking to a fundamental solution.

When the news reached Japan in the summer of 1921 that President Harding had invited the Powers to send delegates to a Conference on the Limitation of Armament and Far Eastern Questions, some of our people misconstrued the intention of the American Government; but the majority took an entirely different view of the President's note and insisted that Japan should heartily welcome the invitation as an opportunity in which she could express herself frankly and openly, because America, whose national ideal is justice and humanity, must have conceived her proposed plan on no other ground but her ardent desire for promoting the permanent peace of the world. The Japanese-American Relations Committee unequivocally advocated this view.

We were rejoiced when the Japanese Government accepted the invitation from America. The Japanese Delegation at Washington consistently carried out the government policy of hearty cooperation with the United States in its epoch-making program, with the outcome already referred to. The Japanese public was highly pleased with the glad tidings of the restoration of the happy relations that had for decades been maintained between the two countries.

The Japanese attitude toward the Washington Conference was expressed through the acts of her delegation and proved to be fair and square. To mention a few instances of her readiness to cooperate with other Powers in the interest of world peace, attention may be called to her agreement to abolish the time-honored Anglo-Japanese Alliance. She likewise agreed to the return of Kiaochow to China, in harmony with her repeated statements before, during, and after the Paris Peace Conference. She consented to do away with her post-office system in China, although it meant to her great inconvenience. She had withdrawn her garrison from Hankow, notwithstanding her knowledge of the unrest and disorder in that country. She has also withdrawn her troops from Siberia, although the Siberian situation was far from safe. And she

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conceded to America much more than any other Power in dealing with the mandatory right over the island of Yap and with the disposition of its cable lines.

In addition to so great and numerous manifestations of her policy of fair and friendly relations, Japan whole-heartedly agreed to the decisions of the Conference concerning the future ratio of naval armament and the limitation of the defense measures of the Pacific islands, and has been resolutely and faithfully carrying them out, in spite of the opposition of certain groups which hold that those decisions were derogatory to Japan's national dignity. But here again the great majority of our countrymen unwaveringly held to the view that it was appropriate for Japan to make these sacrifices for the sake of friendship with America and the welfare of humanity.

The people of Japan, having thus done their very best for conciliation, naturally entertained the thought that America would appreciatively reciprocate the course pursued by them and, waking to the unfairness of discriminatory treatment of Japanese immigrants lawfully residing in America, would solve the question in a fair and friendly fashion.

So far as the number of Japanese in America is concerned, it is small, only about 115,000, of whom some 30,000 are American-born children, who are therefore American citizens. But the nature of the treatment to which they are being increasingly subjected is so grave that it may endanger our international relations and welfare. Originally our immigrants went to America in response to the invitation of American capitalists when the Chinese exclusion law drove the Chinese laborers from the West coast of America, thereby causing shortage of labor. Those immigrants diligently applied themselves to agriculture and other forms of hard labor, to the great advantage of those Western States and greatly increasing their agricultural products.

But in spite of their industry, fidelity, and law-abiding character, the Japanese immigrants in those States have been deprived of the right of owning and leasing land and it has been made as difficult as possible for them to get married. It is also planned to close up the Japanese-language schools. Not only does the present Federal law refuse, on the mere ground of race, the right of naturalization to fully qualified Japanese, but certain groups are even proposing by the unilateral act of Congress to abrogate the Gentlemen's Agreement and also to deprive American-born Japanese of their constitutional birthright of being American citizens.

Those conditions, activities, and proposals deprive Japanese, who have lawfully entered and have long been residing in the United States, of the ordinary civil rights and economic opportunities freely granted to aliens from many other lands. They are in themselves real hardships and are naturally regarded as invidious and unjust, and as not in keeping with the general character of American ideals and practice. And they are also inevitably regarded as racially humiliating, and in marked conflict with the principles of international comity and goodwill expressed in all our treaties and upon which alone can right international relations be maintained for the decades and centuries ahead.

The Japanese-American Relations Committee of Tokio has been studying the situation for several years and is well aware of the many diverse views and arguments that have been urged in connection with this matter. The foregoing very brief statements are not regarded as a full and adequate discussion of the whole question; they present merely certain aspects that are deeply felt by our people. In its efforts to get at all the facts, this committee has repeatedly conferred with the Japanese-Relations Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and has exchanged views with other leaders of both countries. As a result of these conferences, in view of the highly complex character of the many conflicting interests and diverse factors, economic, racial, and political, and in the light of Washington Conference as disclosing a method for the solution of well-nigh insoluble questions, this committee sug-

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gests, for the consideration of leaders in both countries who desire a complete solution of the one remaining problem that is disturbing our mutual relations, the following concrete proposal:

"Let the two governments of Japan and America appoint a Joint High Commission consisting of a certain number of representatives of the two nations to study the question of Japanese immigrants in America. It shall be the duty of the commission to examine the whole question with the utmost care and frankly to exchange their views; to investigate the real causes of misunderstanding and discord; to consider methods for the fundamental and permanent solution of the entire question; and to report their findings and specific recommendations to the respective governments, and also to the public of both countries." . . .

Making Friends in the Pacific

ACCORDING to the Peking bulletin of the Rosta News Agency of August 20 Mr. L. M. Karakhan, Russian Plenipotentiary Envoy to China, has given the following interview to the Russian, Chinese, and Japanese press:

. . . If in Europe, after the defeat of Germany and the humiliation of the German people which we see at present, the danger of a new general battle of European nations is postponed for some time, on the Pacific we see quite a different picture. . . . The attempt at the Washington Conference to limit somewhat the feverish progress of armaments could not of course give any serious results. . . . When we came back to the Pacific we had to watch very carefully these events. We must not be suddenly caught, we must be prepared so that peace and order within our territories may not be disturbed.

Our interests lie not in participating in the solution of the Pacific problems by those methods which are natural for the imperialistic countries, but we must have sufficient force to protect ourselves from entanglement in this struggle.

From this point of view peace and friendship with our closest neighbors, China and Japan, acquire a first-rate importance.

Our representative in the Far East, Mr. Joffe, was intrusted with the task of establishing and regulating relations with China and Japan. He has done a great and difficult work because he was the first to bridge the breach, and to take first steps is always difficult. . . . I can tell you that the suspension of further negotiations between Mr. Joffe and Mr. Kavakami took place only because both sides had sufficiently elucidated their respective attitudes. There appeared certain points on which Japan insisted and which were unacceptable to Russia. Under such conditions it was found expedient to stop further private negotiations which were not binding on either party. The Russian Government believes that the time has come for opening official negotiations, at which each step will be responsible. We are not going to propose them, but we hope that Japan will understand herself what she ought to do. . . . China and ourselves are on one side of the front in international politics. We have just emerged from a difficult struggle against the imperialistic countries which wanted to turn Russia into their colony. China has not yet finished this struggle and is still fighting for her complete liberation. . . . We should like to see China strong and united, because only on this condition can she withstand those who allow themselves to act in her territory as if they were at home. . . .

In my policy I shall be guided by this idea and on this I shall build the friendship between China and the Union which I represent. We have no such questions at issue with China on which it will be impossible to reach an agreement. . . . The reception accorded me by Chinese authorities and the Chinese public testifies that not only the Government but also the people desire to have friendly relations with us, and this gives me force and courage for my difficult work in China. . . . One of the principal questions is that of the Chinese Eastern Railway. I have no doubt that here we shall find a common language. The Chinese Eastern Railway was built by the means and energy of the Russian people. As a commercial enterprise it belongs to the Russian people, but it runs through Chinese territory and plays an enormous economic part in Northern Manchuria. . . . These interests—our rights on the C. E. R. and the sovereign rights of China on the territory through which the railway passes—can be easily solved and settled without the just interests of any party being infringed. . . .

No third party has any right to interfere in the affairs of the railway. I am sure that this question as well as all other Russo-Chinese affairs will be safely settled very soon. . . .

The reception which was accorded me by the Manchurian authorities makes me think that I shall meet an especially strong desire on behalf of Manchuria to settle this affair quickly. From Manchuria I shall go to Peking and only on my arrival there I shall be able to say anything definite regarding the time and form of the Russo-Chinese conference.

Unfortunately some statesmen in Peking do not exhibit such an attitude as I have seen here in Manchuria and such as naturally ought to have resulted from a right understanding of their national interests. But I still hope that in Peking also I shall be able to find a common language which will help me to settle all outstanding questions. . . .

I have said already that we are ready at any moment to open official negotiations with Japan. . . . Of course at the moment we can talk only of a treaty covering not only trade but also juridical relations between both countries. The time for bastard trade agreements has passed forever. Japan understands that since the Dairen Conference through the stages of Chang-chung and Tokio, Japan has gone a long way toward the place where agreement with Russia is no longer an impossibility. I welcome this change, but I do not want to be understood in a sense that I wholly approve the present attitude of Japan. . . .

We can wait until other states understand the necessity of establishing normal relations with Russia. We have passed already through a difficult time and now we have entered into a period of gradual reconstruction of our industry and healing of our wounds. Even without contact with the world outside we are improving our economic situation. Normal relations with other countries would certainly accelerate that process, but they cannot have any other influence. Therefore, we are not going to pay a special price for them.

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